TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

Vol. 1. { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1888. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } No. 12.

Around Town.

A timely discussion has been excited by the threat of the new Grit government of Manitoba to dismiss from office the civil servants who do not pay their bills. Such a course would be eminently proper, though, as the Tory papers claim, the motive may be to make situations for the friends of the new administration. There is no reason why government employment should make a man dishonest, and every man is dishonest who does not pay his debts. It is a fact that civil servants, as a rule, are the worst paying customers a tradesman can have. They seem to get the idea that the country ought to support them, that their salary is intended for pocket money, and that they have a perfect right to assess everyone who is foolish enough to give them credit for their groceries, dry goods, doctor's bills and cordwood.

***

I was talking some time ago with the head of a large firm whose subscription book business has enabled him to judge as to who is the best paying debtor. He told me that without exception every civil servant, who, under the government system of appointing its employees for life or good conduct, has what is really a certainty in the way of income, hates to pay his debts and feels absolutely insulted if he is asked to settle before the account has been running for a couple of years. It surprised me to hear that county judges as a rule, and some times men higher up on the bench, part with money to pay their honest debts only when forced to. County officials are generally very slow pay, and, in fact, every man who is to a certain extent independent of public opinion feels it his privilege to beat his creditors. The low tone of society makes it possible for a man to do this sort of thing without losing his social standing. A man may owe every tailor in the town, and be in debt to his shoemaker and washerwoman, and dead-beat his landlady, but still be received into society; whereas, if he accepts somewhat menial employment and tries to make an honest dollar, or marries a shop girl, he is instantly expelled from the select circle, where, as a dead-beat, he had been so often welcomed.

***

In our most select clubs there are scores of these fellows. I believe in being good natured and not jumping on a man because he is poor; but when he gets the reputation of never missing a meal or paying a cent, it is time for social organizations everywhere to ostracise him.

***

Toronto's society is suffering another disagreeable sensation, one of its leading lights having joined the Canadian colony in the United States in company with a young lady who had been playing solos on the type-writer in his office. I am more surprised at the type-writing young lady than I am at the man. I have known wives who were jealous of the pretty type-writer girls in their husband's offices, but always without cause, for these girls though rather jaunty in style are usually very clever and circumspect, and if hard-worked are very unlikely to fall in love with their employers.

***

I am not acquainted with either the young man or young woman concerned in this elopement scrape, but have seen enough people who have tried to make themselves happy by playing the same trick to feel convinced that neither of them were out of Toronto twenty-four hours before they were heartily sick of their bargain. Elopement as a popular pastime should be discouraged. It is one of the most foolish, as well as one of the most dangerous, ways of letting the public know how bad-hearted, weak-minded and pin-headed one is.

***

Did you ever hear of a man who was congratulated by his friends on having successfully eloped, or do you know of any woman who feels proud because some fool-man with a wife and family offered to run away with her? How many of such scandalous escapades have you known to end in anything but heart-break, destitution and disgrace? How many, if any, women do you know who have been received back into the arms of respectability after a mad venture into the realms of unholy passion with married men? How many men of your acquaintance have you heard of who have been concerned in the dishonoring of their own home, or the home of another, who have not lived in disgrace or died in poverty?

***

I wonder sometimes what can be the temptation which makes men and women elect to pass their future under the ban of society, cursed by their remorse and the misery they have caused, and darkened by the frown of God. In old times so hard was the cause to find that witchcraft was alleged as the reason, and either the man or the woman was supposed to have been under the spell of the other. Now-a-days we don't believe in sorcery. We have to seek the cause in either a weakness of the head or a badness of the heart.

***

Take the young man in question, and supposing that he was neither a fool nor a scoundrel, for while he lived with us he passed for neither. He had social position, a cultured and estimable wife, and some babies in whom his love and ambition should have been centered. He did not lack for money, and his future, had he behaved himself, would have been secure. What has he now? Nothing but the memory of what he once was, remorse for his perfidy and tearful visions of the wife whom he has dishonored, the babies he has deserted, and the disgrace which must attend him and his. He has his type-writer girl, and probably he is sick but there is no palliation of the sin he committed in deserting his duty to sustain his folly.

***

How hard it is to look at it from her point of view. She must have known he was married. At least in fifteen minutes' investigation she could easily have found out. Maybe he told her he was unhappy, but she knew she had no right to interfere, and it was not her mission to bring him happiness, only to write his letters and she could readily have fled from her temptation. In listening to him did she have any idea of the woe she would bring to his wife or the disgrace he was heaping upon himself? She may have reckoned what she had to lose, and it may have been much; we cannot tell. Perhaps she thought she was making all the sacrifice, but who can hold her blameless? I can't see any argument for the woman. Maybe she was lonesome and loveless, and was carried away with the sweetness of being loved. It must have been a case of equal guilt. Mentally, both had the same reasons to refuse, for sin is a mental thing, and it is the act of the mind, not of the body, that is polluting. The ties that she knew should have bound him to his home should have been as sacred to her as to him, and even if she were friendless, and had no one to blush for her, it does not lessen her responsibility, insomuch as it was her duty to do nothing or be a partner in nothing which was to bring shame to another.

***

I pity most of all the two women, the sinned against and the sinner. To the lips of one has come already the wormwood of a bitterness that will last as long as life itself, and to the other the same chalice will yet be pressed. The man can go to the devil as he pleases, either by express or slow freight. He to a certain extent has his fate yet in his own hands, and he seems to be heartless enough to think he can enjoy life after he has outlived his self-respect.

***

Among the Spanish people when a man leaves his wife, even for a short journey, she sits in the doorway with her mantilla over her face, in token of her sorrow for his departure and the desolation she feels, and sometimes for days she will sit almost speechless, never raising the shawl from her face. But I can picture a wife who has been left by her husband, over whose face and life has come a shadow that will never be lifted, in whose heart shame and betrayed love will never cease to be an agony, while even the smiles and prattle of her babies will torture as they remind her of him who, though living, to her is dead and buried in the grave of her happiness, marked only by a monument of disgrace!

***

Everyone will be delighted to hear that a convention has been signed which, if accepted by the powers concerned, will settle the Fishery question which has been disturbing the politicians so long. Here in Ontario the Fishery dispute was never a very burning question. Like everything of that sort which does not affect us directly, we are apt to be indifferent and not care a great deal what is happening, so long as it is not happening to ourselves. The press despatches state the agreement is satisfactory to the British, American and Canadian Commissioners, and the three-mile limit contention has been abandoned by the Americans. This latter clause is not very explicit, but I take it to mean that the Americans will no longer contend that the three-mile limit is from the shore, but admit it to be from the headlands. If this be the case the bays and inlets of the Dominion coasts will be preserved as the exclusive fishing grounds of Canadians. This is very important as most of the best fishing is within the inlets. Any other contention would admit American fishermen to the Bay of Fundy and Bay of Chaleur, and many of the best fishing-grounds which have hitherto been preserved for Canadians. On the other hand Canada has allowed American fishermen the privilege of landing on Canadian coasts to buy bait and supplies and tranship cargoes. The American vessels have to pay a license for this privilege, but as this is an admission of Canada's rights in the matter it is important. The convention provides that by mutual consent whenever the free entry of Canadian fish into the United States is granted it will be accepted as a sufficient return for the abolition of this tonnage tax.

***

The convention before it becomes a treaty must be accepted by the British, American and Canadian Governments, and there is but little doubt that all will concur, though it will likely be used against Cleveland in New England in the coming presidential campaign when it will be claimed that he has sacrificed the interests of the fishermen to the despots of Canada and Great Britain. Fortunately President Cleveland is not a man who is frightened by that sort of thing. If the United States Senate refuses to endorse the agreement the President can make a provisional arrangement which will last until he gets a new Senate, which will probably be more favorable. No doubt Great Britain will be satisfied, and Canada will be apt to accept the terms if they are such as have been reported. Of course there is some danger that the advance notice that we have received of the settlement is somewhat highly colored and intended to make a good impression on our people; and it would be a bitter disappointment, after having congratulated ourselves on obtaining such fair terms, to find that some disagreeable sacrifices have to be made. It will not be long before we hear the particulars, as all the Commissioners seem desirous that they should be made public. Certainly they should be given to the public at once. Now-a-days treaties are not made as they used to be, when a couple of potentates got together and settled their affairs without regard to what their subjects would think of the settlement. The people are the final court of arbitration. The three English-speaking nations concerned in this matter may be relied upon to ultimately settle in a self-respecting manner any differences they may have. The three peoples may have some conflicting interests, but they spring from the same stock, and the same love of British fair play will guide them alike to a righteous decision.

***

After a long argument, the only use of which was to teach people how crooked bankers and brokers may be, Mr. Chancellor Boyd has decided that Mr. Campbell must step down and out of the liquidatorship of the Central Bank, not so much because the charges made against him were proven as that the majority of liquidators must rule. It is a pity for the creditors of the bank and Mr. Campbell himself, that good taste did not suggest to him the advisability of a resignation before this matter was dragged into the courts. If after he had resigned he had seen fit to make it unpleasant for the other liquidators he had a perfect right as a citizen to examine their motives and records. And perhaps, as the *Globe* suggests, "the fact of the close relation of Mr. Gooderham to Mr. E. S. Cox, and Mr. Gooderham's indebtedness to the bank could be enlarged upon till they would make Mr. Gooderham extremely restless."

***

If we go into the records and relationships of any large business man, they could be put in a disagreeable light, as our contemporary suggests with regard to Mr. Gooderham. For instance, Mr. Howland as president of the Queen City Fire Insurance Company might have been embarrassed during his mayoralty term by charges that he favored those who were insured in his company. If, for instance, The Gutta Percha Rubber Co., whose claims the ex-mayor championed in the matter of a contract, were found to have placed their insurance with the Queen City company, mean people would say that that was the cause of his affection for them, and that the exposure in the city council of a rival's business methods was made at their suggestion and in their interest. But of course people who will take the trouble to enquire would very likely learn that the Gutta Percha Rubber Co. had other reasons for insuring in the Queen City, and that the ex-mayor's solicitude on their behalf was actuated entirely by zeal for purity and publicity.

***

Looking at it in this light, the public will have a right to pass a very lenient judgment on Mr. Campbell, though every one must admit that his removal is in the interests of an honest and thorough-going investigation and settlement of the affairs of the Central Bank.

***

The Ontario Legislature has at last got down to business, having wasted sufficient time to ensure a length of session sufficient to guarantee them their $600 indemnity. DON.

THE END OF BETRAYED LOVE.

For Letterpress see page 6.

Let Worth, Not Wealth Only, be the Standard.

The curse of American society is its adoption of wealth as a standard of gentility. If you are only rich enough, says the argument, you can do as you please. Many men carry the theory out, but after all, there is a limit to their application of it. Men can be held personally responsible for their offences against men, and commonly are when they carry them too far. Women are practically superior to responsibility, because a false gallantry makes them superior to criticism and beyond the reach of reproof.

"A fine women and most respectable," says a character in one of George Coleman's comedies. "But laws bless me! her manners be too bad, and she do have a nasty tongue."

"Then," quoth the philosopher of the play, "she can neither be a fine woman nor respectable. 'Tis not the feathers that give the bird its flavor, brother Hodge. An' the carcass stink, the feathers will not help your nose."

Notice! Notice!

Photographers of different sizes of the chief engravings in this paper as well as those in the principal city stores can be purchased on application by letter from the Soule Fine Art Photograph Co., 127 Wellington st., Toronto.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra had a large and fashionably attended afternoon At Home on Shrove Tuesday, in her delightful residence at the corner of College and Beverley streets. Mrs. Cawthra received her guests in the drawing-room, and wore a crimson satin, heavily ornamented with variegated jet, and head-dress of lace. Miss Cawthra, who assisted her mother, wore a gown of brocaded pongee silk. As at Mrs. Cosby's, the Italian string band and Mons. Callendan gave infinite delight to the hundreds present by their alternate musical executions. In the hall upstairs, previous to approaching the hostess to pay respects, a hot cup of coffee, and other warm liquids, could be obtained, while downstairs, in the dining-room, there were all the lighter refreshments.

Among the sea of faces I caught glimpses of Mrs. Scarth, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Mrs. Cattanach, Mr. Heath, Mrs. Bruce Harman, Mrs. George Crawford, Mr. E. C. Rutherford and the Misses Rutherford, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Philip Todd, Mrs. Christopher Baines, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mrs. Widmer Hawke, Mrs. Arkle, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mr. H. and Miss Mabel Cawthra, Mrs. John Heward, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cayley, Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mrs. Arthur Spragge, Miss Madeline Cameron, Mrs. E. Douglas Armour, Miss Madeline Spratt, Miss Armour of Cobourg, Mr. J. Ince, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, Mrs. Vernon Payne, Miss Birchall, Miss Thorburn, Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, the Misses Denison, Miss Bunting, Mrs. H. Merritt and Miss Merritt, Mrs. Chas. Temple and Miss Temple, Mr. R. Strathy, Mrs. W. Brouse, Miss Brough, Miss Hawke, Mrs. James Crowther, sr., Mrs. George Ryerson, Mr. Kenneth Cameron, Mr. and Miss Dumoulin, Mr. Morgan Cosby, Miss Stuart of Port Hope, Mrs. Kenneth Mackenzie, Miss Isabel Mackenzie, the Misses Evans, Mrs. R. H. Bethune and the Misses Bethune, Mrs. Lockhart, Mr. R. and the Misses Lockhart, Miss Vickers, Miss Tench of Chippewa, Mr. W. Parker Newton, the Misses McLean, Mr. Stuart Morrison, the Misses Osler, Mr. Frank Jones, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Mr. George Stimson, Mr. H. Brock, Miss Hill, Mrs. Wm. Boultbee, Mr. Boultbee, Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Riordon, Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. A. Powell Roberts, Mrs. Edgar, Mr. Atchison, Miss Edith Mackenzie, Mr. A. C. Boulton, the Misses Beatty, Mr. Mervyn McKenzie, the Misses Larratt-Smith, Mrs. C. Winstanley, Miss Morrison, Miss Ethel Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Monk, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Plummer, Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Muntz.

•

A very enjoyable dance was given by Mrs. T. F. Blackwood on Thursday evening, February 9, at her residence on Yorkville avenue. Mrs. Blackwood, as usual, proved herself a very able hostess, and was assisted in that duty by her daughter, Miss Florence. Among those present were the Misses Brown, Dafoe and Martin of Port Hope, the Misses Douglas, Kerr, Burnsides, Green, Maule, Kelly, Norris, Smith, G. Kelly, Amy Green, Donaldson, L. Maule, Davey, Kingsmill, Holcroft, Messrs. H. Torrance, C. Evans, Laird, F. W. Green, McLennan, McLean, Nichol, C. Postlethwaite, W. Donaldson, G. Francis, Scadding, C. Godden, Moore, Harry Green, J. Godden. A very recherche supper was served, after which dancing was resumed till the wee sma' hours, when a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close.

•

Mrs. Goldwin Smith has sent out cards for an At Home on the evening of Wednesday, March 1st. The word "Music" in the corner of the pasteboards makes some giddy people shake their heads, but they will go all the same, and will doubtless enjoy themselves. The mere sight of the old oak and old china at the Grange, the charming Old World hall, and the quaintly-shaped rooms give pleasure. Mrs. Goldwin Smith invites the right people, of course, although she has given parties when men did not abound. The music which she provides for her guests is always the best available. If only it were summer, then would those who are invited to the Grange enjoy the charms of a garden than which there is none more charming in Toronto. Wide stretches of turf, splendid and venerable trees, pine, acacia, beech and maple, beds sweet with the best of old-fashioned flowers, and, if one dares to penetrate it, the snuggest of walled-in kitchen gardens. In these, even at night, if there is a moon, can one find great delight. For the last two summers, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith have gone away, and their gem among Toronto homes has been deserted. A party given by them in the spring of the past year made people wish that they would stay and afford them similar pleasures throughout the summer.

•

In the annals of the Toronto sleighing club, Saturday, February 11th, will be memorable. A bright sun, and atmosphere sharp and exhilarating, but not too cold, made an ideal day for a long drive, and brought some thirty sleighs to the rendezvous at the Guns, in the Queen's Park. So large a number as between sixty and seventy hungry people rather overtaxed the arrangements for dinner of the master of the Eagle hotel, Weston. The capacity of his stable was also somewhat unequal to so large an inroad of steeds and sleighs. The floor of his large ball-room was, however, as good as ever, the Italian harpers played their best, and the whole affair, from first to last, was as pleasurable as possible. The good spirits of those present at the dinner-table demanded a speech from the honorary secretary: modestly, but with words of eloquence, Mr. Fox acceded. Ere he sat down he called upon the president, Mr. J. K. Kerr, who, in his turn, requested that his vice-brother, Colonel Otter, be heard. Congratulations at the club's success were mutual and hearty, and a vote of thanks to Mr. Fox for the trouble he had taken to produce that success was carried with unanimous acclamation. Very few members of the club were absent. Among those who were present were Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. W. Brock, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Major and Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Cawthra, Mr. Bernard of the Indian army, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Miss K. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Miss Minnie Morris of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. Melford Britton, Mr. H. Gamble, Captain Geddes, Mr. Morrow, Miss Manning, the Misses Yarker, Messrs. Shanly, Cronyn and Hume Blake, Captain Sears, Mr. Cassimer Dickson, Miss Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, Messrs. Arthur and Christopher Boulton, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Hodgins, Miss Vankoughnet, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Miss Thorburn, Mr. Donne, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Captain Macdougall, Miss McCarthy, Mr. Dalton McCarthy.

•

On the way out a collision occurred between the sleighs driven by Mr. Cassimer Dickson and that of which Mr. Donne was the whip. Mr. Donne's sleigh was overturned, and, with his fair companion, he was thrown into a snow-drift. The horses were luckily caught at once, and nobody was the worse for the mishap.

•

A face which was warmly welcomed by everbody on Saturday was that of Mrs. George W. Torrance. After more than a year's absence in England and on the continent, this lady has returned to Toronto. The long change seems to have done her no end of good, if one may judge from looks alone. Society is once more gladdened by the presence of one of its greatest favorites, and prays that it may be long before it may have to undergo a like deprivation of one whom it can but reluctantly spare.

•

Lady Wilson chose a good time for her dance. Monday last was as near the line as possible: the line which divides the time of feasting from the time of fasting. Shrove Tuesday, as everybody knows would not do for a ball, as ere it could be concluded, the forbidden hours of Ash Wednesday and of Lent would have arrived. The night of Monday was then the last available for dissipation, and Lady Wilson's invitation was therefore made the most of. Her ladyship's house is not large, indeed some two hundred of her guests found it a little small, and until the hour of midnight was passed, not very much dancing was possible. The host and hostess received their guests in a small drawing-room on the left of the hall, while two large rooms on the right opening into one another formed the ball-room. As I have pointed out before, and as one highly successful dance this season has proved, a linen drugget lightly stretched over bare boards, makes an admirable dancing floor. Linen over a thick Brussels carpet is another matter. Tea-room and supper were, as is right, distinct apartments; the tea-room downstairs beyond the reception-room, the supper-room on the first floor. Numerous tables were brought from the latter into the upper hall, thus permitting many people to sup in comfort. The numbers of men and ladies amongst the guests were about equally divided, which means to say that perhaps twenty more of the former and the same number less of the latter, would have made things right. Miss Marjorie Campbell looked her best in blue. Mrs. Vernon, as is so often her custom, wore black. Mrs. J. K. Kerr's dress of white satin, and her fine brilliants were much admired. I noticed also Miss Kate Merritt, Miss Brehant of Montreal, Miss Minnie Morris, Miss Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, Mrs. Spragge, Miss Emily Benson, Miss Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Miss Hodgins, Miss Jones, Miss McCarthy, the Misses Todd, Miss Manning, Miss Beatty, the Misses Yarker.

•

On Wednesday afternoon last as I turned from Spadina avenue on to King street, a strange sight met my eyes. Two and two a procession came towards me. My first thought was that I was to have the pleasure of meeting Miss Dupont's or Miss Neville's school, or the fair reclues who dwell inside those mighty church school walls on College avenue. But no! If girl school it be, those manly forms must mean that their brothers and their cousins are with them; a most unusual proceeding. Also the wind blows keen from the north and drives the cutting snow into the faces of wayfarers. Surely the careful mistresses of Toronto female seminaries do not send their charges abroad in such weather. Happy thought! I will wait at the corner, they will turn up Spadina avenue, and thence by Queen street they will reach the Lunatic Asylum. These must be some of the poor inmates of that institution out for an airing. Had I not better retreat, they may be dangerous? I stand my ground, and to my surprise, the head of the procession passes me, and proceeds steadily westwards. If these be lunatics, they are a good-looking lot. I wish I were a lunatic. But they are not; health is in their glowing cheeks, sense in their sparkling eyes and gay laughter. What is more, I recognize many a face, and then I remember: This is the day of Mrs. Otter's walking party, and these are her guests on their way to have tea with her at the Fort. As they passed me I observed Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Vernon, the Misses Yarker, Miss Heward, Miss Hodgins, Miss Emily Benson, Miss Dawson, Mr. Donne, Mr. Fox, Captain Geddes, Colonel Otter, Mr. Heward, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. Shanly, Miss McCarthy, Miss Small, Mr. Small and Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Eden Heward, Miss Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. Arthur Boulton, Mr. Herman Boulton and others.

•

Thursday morning's papers contain the sad, very sad, news of the death of Mrs. Rosamond of Cobourg, at Monte Carlo. Surely nothing could be more affecting than this intelligence. As Miss Skill, Mrs. Rosamond reigned a belle over many gatherings last winter, and all admired her. She was amiable, sweet and engaging in manner, more so, perhaps, for her innocence and unworldliness. Mrs. Rosamond married in October Mr. Wm. Rosamond, a wealthy widower of Cobourg, who was much her senior; they started immediately on their honeymoon, which was to be spent in Europe. Thus it has terminated, and instead of bringing home a bride, happy and radiant, to be fêted and courted, he brings—the corpse of a beautiful girl stricken down in her first youth, and is a second time a widower. Oh, the weird fatality of it!

•

Mr. John Beverley Robinson's genial and benevolent countenance will be missed on Toronto's streets for some few months, as he left on a business trip to England Thursday week, accompanied by his charming and popular wife, and Sleepy Hollow will still be deprived of a mistress for some time yet.

•

Mrs. Henry Ince's dance of Friday week was very enjoyable. Invitations said eight o'clock, but it was very nearly nine before the people commenced to arrive, and shortly after the eighty or so guests were tripping gayly round to the strains of the music. Stretched linen covered the floors of the two front rooms, lessening to a great degree the exertions of dancing, this effect again being counteracted by slight crowding during a favorite waltz or polka.

•

Among those present were noticed Miss Baldwin, Mr. D. M. and Miss Lucy Howard, the Misses Robarts, Miss Clara Oats, Rev. Mr. Nattrass, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty, Miss Wood, Miss Horrocks, Miss Mabel Gilmour, Mr. and the Misses Roberts, Miss Hesson of Stratford, Dr. and the Misses Warren, Miss Brotherhood, Mr. C. and Miss Thompson, Miss Guthrie, Mr. and Miss Hirschfelder, and Messrs Barker, A. J. Arnold, H. Pringle, F. Ardagh, Gale, G. Burchall, R. and J. Scott, Piddington, Lawrence, F. Campbell, J. Craig, F. Strathy, J. Drynan.

•

All too soon Ash Wednesday has come, and the six long weeks of Lenten fasting has actually begun. Good-bye polished floor and fascinating waltz; for forty days good-bye! Sad are the hearts of many a successful ball-room belle, and of many an untiring cavalier. Sad also are the musicians; the sellers of fans and gloves and pumps; the vendors of champagne and of flowers. The season has been all too short for these people, but they ought not to be dissatisfied, for though brief, it has been brilliant beyond the memories even of those who have seen their eight or ten seasons.

•

It would be difficult to find out exactly what rules, with regard to its fasting, society lays down for itself. One thing seems clear. There must be no dancing; that is to say, there must be no formal invitations to dance. Yet, if people happen to meet at night where there is a floor and somebody who will play dance music on a piano, a few turns are allowed. Society's code is really not very strict. I know of no other amusement which is forbidden. One may dine, and dine well; the two mighty tribes of that "polished horde" I spoke of last week may meet at afternoon tea party or evening At Home. One may go to the theater, and if fashion stamps with approval any play or opera at either of our play-houses, one certainly will go. I believe that the managers of the Dorothy company, who play here next week, will have reason to bless the time of their visit, for they will find that Lent has deprived the town of attractions strong enough to keep our first families from hearing what I believe is a charming opera, excellently played.

•

Again, sleighing is not forbidden, nor is skating, or tobogganing. Indeed, it is rather a field day for these sports once more, on account of the absence of counter attractions. The Toronto sleighing club will meet as long as there is snow; more than one skating party is talked of, and the Toronto toboggan club will, if the weather is favorable, hold at least two of its very popular At Homes at Rosedale. How the season of 1887-'8 came in with a roar in October, and was inaugurated by Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr's splendid ball at Rathnelly, by the first of four delightful dances at Government House, and by Mr. and Mrs. Osler's ball, how it languished and drooped a little in November, only to be revived with a succession of brilliant events, which made memorable December, January and half February—all this is matter for history. Let us treat it as such, and while not forgetting the generous kindness of many a genial host and thoughtful kindly hostess, as we are young and love to look forward, not back, let us enjoy the more sober pleasures of this time as best we may, and let us hope that Easter will bring us joys which will rival those that are past. It was to a great extent, no doubt, the visit of the Governor-General and his suite which gave us so delightful a spring season last year, but even if we should not be equally favored in 1888, there is no reason why we should not again enjoy ourselves. We have in the present occupants of Government House ladies and gentlemen who lead society in the right way, and who will be as ready to countenance and promote all kinds of pleasure in May and June, as they have been in December and January, and as did Lord Lansdowne, his family, and his aides last year. Why should not the infant sleighing club, as I have suggested betore, turn its runners into wheels and saddles in the spring and organize picnics to such spots as the Humber? We have too few picnics here. Those that have been held have been always greatly enjoyed.

•

A. D., Hamilton, asks:—"Is evening dress, in accordance with the rules of etiquette, necessary in every case where a formal invitation has been sent out? If not, what length of notice is usual and necessary? A gentleman receives on Monday a formal invitation to a dancing party for Tuesday evening. According to the rules of etiquette in what garb should he appear?" When a formal invitation is received evening dress should always be worn, unless the contrary is distinctly mentioned in the invitation. Invitations for a dancing party should be sent out one to two weeks in advance, if possible.

•

Again let me warn my correspondents to send in their copy earlier and prevent the crush which always takes place the last day. When an event takes place, send us an account of it at once.

The Athenæum Club.

The shareholders of this popular club held their annual meeting on Monday evening, February 13th, 1888, in their excellent club rooms in the Public Library building. Capt. James Mason, the retiring president, occupied the chair. Mr. Arthur Pearson, the energetic secretary, read the annual report and financial statement, showing the club's business for the year ending December 31st, 1887, which was very satisfactory. Among other matters referred to, it showed that the capital stock of the company was nearly paid up, rendering it necessary to have the capital doubled.

The membership is nearly 500 and numerous applications have been received since the first of this year. The following directors and officers were elected for 1888: Capt. James Mason, Honorary President; Charles Pearson, President; J. P. Edwards, Vice-President; J. Hallworth, Treasurer; R. F. Lord, H. J. Hill, Arthur Ardagh, J. W. O'Hara, Frederick Nicholls, George A. MacAgy, Directors. Arthur Pearson was re-elected secretary.

•

This club is now acknowledged to be the leading incorporated club of the kind in Canada, the objects being to find a place of recreation, healthful and free from the objectionable associations usually attendant on such places of amusement. Many of the principal banks have taken stock for their clerks, who may be found after banking hours any afternoon or evening enjoying themselves. It is a judicious move on the part of the banks to direct their young men to this praiseworthy institution. The club supplies a long-felt want, and is a kindred and fellow-worker with the Public Library, which is in the same building, the latter attending to the improvement of the mind, the former to the development of the body free from the hurtful surroundings of an ordinary billiard room.

Toronto Has Seen People of this Class, too.

An interesting letter, signed La Baronne, in Sunday's *Star*, calls attention to the wiles and schemes of the Hungarian Soipaks, or "sons of imporverished baronial families who have no means of support other than their wits," and move in the noblest circles. The social successes of these blue-blooded impostors, as there narrated, reminds me of the prosperity right here in New York of men, and women, too, who move in the highest society and live upon forgery blackmail, robbery, and every phase of fraud that the police calendar is familiar with. Lord Courtneys are frequent, though not discovered. The scamp who, under pretences of great wealth, won a Madison avenue heiress not many months since, and took her to Rotterdam, where he robbed and maltreated her, and where a New York lawyer had to go to rescue her, is an example of this phase of the *chevalier d'industrie*. Some years ago a popular society man was discovered to have entered as a burglar the houses he had been enabled to examine as a welcome guest, and it is well known that invited participants in a wedding feast have made away with the displayed presents. There are strange occurrences in our city as well as in the fastnesses of Austro-Hungary.

JAMES PAPE
FLORAL ARTIST
78 Yonge Street, Toronto
Specialities for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the Shortest Notice.
Telephone 1461. Conservatories, 167 Carlaw Av., Queen St. East. 12y

J. Thompson
Real Estate Brokers
Mail Buildings

CHINA HALL
49 King Street East, Toronto.
HOLIDAY GOODS.
Five o'clock Cups and Saucers,
Five o'clock Tea Sets,
Five o'clock Teapots and Ke tles,
Biscuit Jars and Cheese C v s,
Honey, Marmalade and Butter Pots
Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Teapot Stands,
Fish, Game and Oyster Sets,
Cut Glass Table Sets, fine assortment,
Table Ornaments, fine variety,
Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Joseph Rodgers & Sons' Cutlery,
Silverplated Knives, Forks and Spoons,
Tea Trays, Crumb Trays and Dish Mats,
Fairy Lights, a large assortment,
Old Chipendale Grandfather Clocks.
GLOVER HARRISON

Stock Taking Sale
WATCHES
DIAMONDS & ELECTROPLATE
China Dinner and Tea Sets
JEWELRY, an endless variety in Gold Silver and Fine Art Lines.
BRIC-A-BRAC AND FANCY GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE DOMINION
C. & J. ALLAN
29 KING STREET WEST
Our Factory is in full working order for Ordered Work and Repairing. y

PROF. DAVIS
Private Dancing Academy, 80 Wilton Avenue
Branch Academy, The Pupils' Drawing-room, Grand Opera House.
ESTABLISHED IN 1859.
Member of the National Association of Teachers of Dancing of the United States and Canada. Class and Private Pupils received daily. See Circulars.
DANCE MUSIC
By Prof. J. F. Davis, for Piano. Every Piece a Gem.
Cymbeline Waltzes.....40c.
Great Pacific Lancers.....50c.
Eureka—companion set of lancers—dance explained....50c.
Ripple—dance explained.....35c.
Jersey—dance explained.....35c.
La Frolique—dance explained.....35c.
Broncho—dance explained—including explanation of Octagon.....30c.
Call to Arms Polka.....50c.
The whole eight pieces mailed to one address for $2.00
ADDRESS
PROF. DAVIS,
80 Wilton Avenue, Toronto.
LADIES
USE
BRONZEFORALL
FOR GILDING.
40 DIFFERENT COLORS.
QUA & CO., Agents
49 KING STREET WEST.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.
OUR GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF
Ladies', Misses' and Children's Mantles
Over Fifty Thousand Dollars Worth at Cost for the Next Thirty Days.
This is a thoroughly genuine sale at reduced prices. Our stock is much larger than it ought to be, and must be turned into CASH BY JANUARY 1st, 1888. This is a grand opportunity for Bargains.
J. Pittman & Co
Manufacturers and Importers, 218 Yonge St. and 488 Queen St. West.

Sleep Year.

Some one sent me a joke about this being "sleep year." I don't recollect seeing this gentlemanly joke before, though it is probably a quadrennial tourist. It suggests, however, the wisdom of having a real sleep year, when the majority of people won't have to work eighteen hours a day and do chores the other six. The men and women of this century sleep too little. Benjamin Franklin is to blame for starting us off with some one-horse proverb about "Early to bed and early to rise," and he was assisted in his remorseless work by some grandmother who gave the task-masters of the world an excuse for working their apprentices to death by furnishing a saying to the effect that seven hours of sleep for a man, eight for a woman and nine for children and fools were sufficient. I think it must have been a misprint if the old lady knew what she was talking about. Seventeen hours' sleep would come nearer the thing for me than seven, and I can't see any earthly reason why a woman should get an hour's sleep more than her husband unless the selfish old thing intended to hint that a man should spend that extra hour lighting the fire, peeling potatoes, dressing the young ones and shoveling the snow off the sidewalk, while his better half slumbers peacefully with no more troubling dream than the style of a new gown and no waking care to tire her mind except some recipe for a pudding or whether to cut the little girl's dress on the bias or a la polonaise.

*

People would live longer if they slept more and would have a good deal better time when awake. I wish people were not in such a hurry to get rich. Look at the poor farmer! He gets up and wakes his hired help at three o'clock in the morning, and doesn't let him go to bed as long as there is light enough for him to work by, or a particle of energy remaining in his jaded system. But that doesn't make the farmer rich very fast, while it makes the "help" poor indeed. What good are riches if a man has to get up before daylight and go to bed before the show begins? What are we here for? Surely not to be pounded around by some ruthless old tyrant, who thinks, because he is troubled with insomnia, that nobody else wants to sleep.

*

The wise man has said in the proverbs, "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep and poverty cometh like a robber," and can't find anything to steal, or words to that effect, which has been misused to lead an over-anxious public to believe that Solomon was not in favor of sufficient sleep. They have not looked deeply enough into the text. We are not like Solomon; we haven't six or seven hundred wives who rush into our bed-rooms in the mornings hunting for dresses and shoes and hair-pins they took off the week before, each one with the enquiry: "Where on earth do you think I put that button-hook?" I don't wonder that Solomon was in favor of early rising. Naturally enough he would rather get up and look after the chores on Sunday mornings than lie abed and try to sleep while his six hundred ladies had all the gas jets in the house lit for heating their curling irons, and each in turn fishing in his pants pocket for collection money.

*

But what is the use of having anything to steal if one can't sleep? I would sooner robbers would steal everything else rather than that they should burglarize my slumber. Look at the man who gets up early in the morning and goes into competition with the noisy rooster and the joyous lark! He rushes down to his office and grinds till his lunch hour, rushes to the restaurant and fills himself up with a hasty collection of cold meat and rushes back to the office to rush all the rest of the day. He rushes home at night, rushes the family around and blows out the lamp at nine o'clock and thinks he is terribly smart. I don't think he is. What does he get up so early in the morning for? So as to be down town and start all his slaves at their tasks. It isn't the work that he does himself; it is the work he makes other people do that makes him rich, and when he dies, how mad it must make him to think that he has got to go to sleep without knowing distinctly at what hour to set the alarm clock. He must regard eternity as a frightful waste of time and the tomb as the proper resting place for no one but the sluggard. He imagines he was born to work all the time and to make everybody else work all the time, and he views sleep as nothing more than a good way of spending the time when there isn't light enough to work without swelling the gas bill. When that man is dead we can sit down and reckon up on our thumb-nails the number of good times he has had and have room left for remarks.

*

Those who rail at life as not being worth living, and others who can't find any way of living, might do well to sleep a little more, and there would be less of life to live and less living to get.

*

Yes, a little sleep, a little more slumber, a folding of the hands to sleep and what care we what cometh! If we behave ourselves while we are awake, and we use our faculties to the best advantage, why shouldn't we sleep? Why shouldn't we rest? *Rest!* How few know the meaning of it! Half awake, half dreaming, with warmth and light about us, no clamor and tumult to disturb us, why not have a little more sleep, a little more slumber? Why not fold the hands and nestle in the pillows? Rest, for to-morrow we die and others will fold our hands in a slumber from which there will be no awakening until the voices of judgment arouse us. Then perchance some of these early birds who have ground the hearts out of their employees in their early morning race for riches will wish for a little more sleep, a little more slumber, an eternal folding of the hands to sleep.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

A LADY MOUNTAINEER.

For Letterpress see page 6.

Very Artistic.

"They tell me you are an artist."

"Only a painter."

"Ah, indeed! May I ask what is your specialty?"

"Certainly. I paint the town red."

The Household.

A ROMAN PUDDING.—Boil twelve sticks of macaroni in well-salted water until tender; drain thoroughly; have ready the breast of a fowl, a sweetbread, or some veal, and a very little dressed tongue. Mince all together very fine and add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, with the white of one; season to taste; put in a buttered mould and steam for one hour; serve with cream sauce.

TIMBAB OF MACARONI.—Soften the straight pipe macaroni by stewing it in a little milk and water or broth, until it will cut easily, but do not let it get too soft. Cut into half-inch pieces, with great exactness; butter a mould thickly and stick the macaroni quite close together all over it, so as to look like a honeycomb, then fill up the mould with a well seasoned mince of any cold meat you may have—chicken is nicer than anything else, and it is a good way of using up scraps. Whatever you use moisten well with gravy before filling the mould. Steam for an hour, turn it out very carefully and serve either with a good white sauce and mushrooms or tomato gravy.

MACARONI A L'ITALIENNE.—Throw a quarter of a pound of macaroni into a pint and a half of fast boiling stock, and simmer till tender, when the macaroni will have absorbed most of the liquid; drain off any that remains; press half a can of tomatoes through a fine sieve, so that nothing but the seeds remain; set it on the stove for a few minutes to thicken; add pepper and salt, a tablespoonful of butter and two ditto Parmesan cheese; stir into the macaroni, and serve very hot, with some more cheese sprinkled rather thickly over. Parmesan cheese is very hard to grate, but it can be bought already prepared, at any first-class grocer's. In Italy all their macaroni dishes have a strong flavor of garlic, but it is generally disliked by an English taste. If however, you don't object to it, simmer one clove of garlic with the tomato, and remove it before adding the sauce to the macaroni. It certainly improves the dish.

PARMESAN FONDUE.—Melt half an ounce of fresh butter in a saucepan, stir into it a tablespoonful of flour; when the two are well mixed add a small quantity of milk and three ounces of grated Parmesan cheese. Stir the mixture over a slow fire till a thick cream, but do not let it boil; then add one clove of garlic, half a small teaspoonful of made mustard, a dash of nutmeg, pepper and salt; keep on stirring the mixture at a very moderate heat for about ten minutes, then remove the garlic, take the saucepan off the fire and stir occasionally until quite cold, then add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and two tablespoonfuls of milk, and finally, the white of five eggs whisked to a stiff froth. Pour the mixture into a deep round tin and bake for twenty minutes or so in a moderate oven. By that time the fondue will have risen and taken color. Pin a napkin round the tin and serve quickly.

Imitation is the sincerest flattery in England as elsewhere. London girls have taken to dressing their hair a la Mary Anderson.

The Englishwoman's Year Book states that the demand for educated women as such, is everywhere in the colonies—nil.

English ladies have been nearly starved at Grindenwald, owing to a snow blockade, which entirely cut off all communication with Interlaken.

Mrs. Lewis and her husband have been doing Europe on a tricycle. They are Americans, of course. Europeans are trying to undo, not to do Europe.

It is proposed to devote the surplus of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Fund to the establishment of a system of nursing which shall be of service to the sick poor.

There is a rumor that Dr. Mary Walker will celebrate her jubilee year by returning to the costume of her maternal ancestors, but it lacks confirmation.

The Empress Eugenie has spent £100,000 on the mausoleum at Farnborough. The appointments of the tomb are of the most ornate and costly description.

New accommodations are to be found for the Duchess of Albany and her children. Her royal mother-in law is building a villa for her in Claremont Park at an expense of $10,000.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson pronounces Philadelphia the cleanest city she has seen in America. One reason for this is that Philadelphia is celebrated for its lawyers. They clean it out.

Miss Frances Lord was for years superintendent of the kindergarten system in England. She claims to be the only living woman who has held a public office in that country, save Queen Victoria.

Lady Dufferin has raised, as a Jubilee offering for the supplying of medical aid to the women of India, the noble sum of five lakhs of rupees—about $50,000. Seven-eighths of the amount was contributed by women in India.

Mme. Renan lives in a suite of rooms in the College of France, in which Cousin resided when Charles Greville went to call on him. The tone of Mme. Renan's receptions in one of easy cordiality.

A young lady of seventeen in Winifred, Kan., has been divorced four times, and expresses herself as ready to divorce a fifth. She is too enterprising a maiden for Kansas. Her proper field is Illinois.

Lady Randolph Churchill was much admired at the various courts through which she recently passed with her husband. Her vivacity and cleverness delighted and astonished the royalties.

Mrs. Charlotte Simonton of New Richmond, Wis., has reached the full term of 100 years. Her only care is that her young son—he was eighty-one last birthday—may learn to smoke, like all the other bad boys.

The project of marriage between the Princess Louise of Wales, and the Grand Duke Michael, cousin of the Czar, seems to calm the fears of the Britishers who think that the Czar wants to annex India. But a little matter like that would not influence the Czar.

The Battle of Sedan.

Saturday, with its ever welcome scale of prices of admission to the grand battle picture, will cause its spacious platform to be crowded all day. It is wonderful to note the success of the picture since it gave the ladies and children and the working classes generally an opportunity to visit it at a price within their reach. It has brought forth an element of patrons that few have catered to, and has been much benefited by the liberal advertising given it by their class. The Germans especially should patronize the picture, as it depicts with wonderful realism the prowess of German arms, and no father of a family should miss taking them to see it. The picture is a grand educator, both in art and history. Why, one can go there, and in a short hour learn more of the history of the Franco-Prussian war—the unification of Germany, and the downfall of the Napoleonic dynasty, and the birth of a permanent French Republic—than he could if he devoted days of study to history. For the eye takes in the actual combat and registers it more faithfully upon the mind. The prices on ladies' day of twenty-five cents to ladies and fifteen cents for children is within the reach of even those in moderate circumstances, and all can afford at least one visit. The building is kept delightfully warm, by the excellent system of great steam radiators. The attendants are courteous and pay due regard to the comfort of the company's guests and strive to entertain. In fact it is a pleasure to indorse this permanent attraction of our city. After 7 p.m. to-night is people's night, the admission being twenty-five cents.

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY,

THE DUCHESS' PLOT.

BY S. C.

CHAPTER III.

A year of married life had not improved Lady Constance either morally or physically. She found her husband a very different person to deal with to what she imagined.

She intended that he should go his way and leave her to go hers, but his grace of Welsham had no such intentions.

The indifference and ill-concealed contempt which his beautiful wife showed to him infuriated him beyond measure.

He was a nobleman of ancient lineage, and his blood ought to have been his blueest of the blue, yet he was as coarse and savage in disposition as the lowest peasant.

When he found that he could not make his wife afraid of him by violent language and physical ill-treatment, he set about punishing her another way.

He knew that she had married him for wealth and position, and he was determined that she should enjoy neither.

Thus, instead of blazing forth a brilliant star in the fashionable world as she had expected, the Duchess of Welsham passed the first year of her married life, dragged from one Continental city to another, where her husband indulged in the lowest debauchery, and forced his wife to receive the companions of his orgies, while he resolutely prevented her taking her rightful position in society.

His whole aim was to humiliate the proud beauty and to break her spirit, but he found the task harder than he anticipated. Even in his drunken fits he shrank before the unflinching gaze of Constance's dark eye, and the worse he behaved the more calm and contemptuous and indifferent she seemed to be.

But, in spite of this outward composure, her breast was torn with rage and grief. All that was evil in her was intensified, and all her good instincts died.

Her face had grown pale and sharp, and wore a sullen hard expression that greatly marred its beauty.

The Count von Halzburg was one of the duke's most intimate companions, and, although the duchess knew him to be as depraved and bad as any of the coterie, he was less disagreeable to her than the others, for he was never intoxicated in her presence or indulged in coarse language, and always treated her with a deferential courtesy which was rare to her in her present existence, and which she fully appreciated.

It was the time of the Paris races, and the Duke of Welsham and most of his friends came there for the event.

The duchess sat alone in her handsome apartment in the Champs Elysees, and moodily watched the gay crowds passing below.

The duke left no cards at the embassies, and had given strict orders to the concierge to deny admance to all visitors.

He need not have taken such trouble, for Constance was quite as averse to being seen by any of her former friends. Her pride revolted at being the object of their pity or scorn, and she never went anywhere where she was likely to be known.

A man's step in the ante-chamber brought a look of loathing to her face, and she braced herself to meet her husband; but when the door opened it was the Count von Halzburg who appeared before her.

"I grieve to be the messenger of sad tidings, madame," he began hurriedly, "but I hope you will bear them with fortitude."

The duchess was too indifferent to her present life and all concerned in it to be the least agitated.

"What is it?" she asked listlessly.

"The duke has met with a very serious accident," replied the count.

Horrible to relate, she received the intelligence with an expression of satisfaction and hope.

"What has happened to him?" she asked eagerly.

"He was trying a new horse at some leaps in the Bois," said the count, looking at her curiously; "the animal was vicious, and the duke's hand was not very steady this morning. We all tried to dissuade him from going on with it, but he would not listen; he got a bad fall and was killed."

"Killed!" exclaimed Constance, starting to her feet, while her eyes blazed with exultation, "do you perfectly sure of that?"

"Unfortunately there is no doubt," replied the young man, with difficulty maintaining a solemnly befitting demeanor. "Two doctors were in attendance almost immediately, but life was already extinct."

"Free—free! Thank God!" cried the young widow, with a peal of wild laughter.

"At least you are candid, madame," remarked the count, with a grim smile.

"Why should I not be so to you?" she replied, recklessly. "You know what my life with that man was. Why should I play the hypocrite, and pretend to regret that my misery is ended?"

"You may rely upon my discretion," observed the count, with a bow. "Have I your permission to carry out all necessary arrangements?"

"Oh, yes! I leave everything in your hands, and shall be much obliged to you if you will act for me until my relations come. I shall telegraph for them to-day."

When she was alone Constance walked quickly up and down the room, trying to realize her new position. A wild joy filled her heart.

The mere fact of being freed from a husband she loathed was enough to make her cheeks glow and her eyes sparkle with gladness, but after a little another thought came before her mind.

"It is not too late!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "I will have him yet!"

She had heard of Cyril Shenstone's engagement to Maude Chenery, and had gnashed her teeth over it in impotent rage, but now the hope rose in her breast that she might prevent the marriage and lure Cyril back to his former allegiance. She never doubted her power to do so believed that he could really love her again.

"I will bring him here," she muttered, "and once at my side he cannot escape."

She sent a telegram to her father telling him that the duke had been killed, and asking him to come to her.

She then wrote out one addressed to Cyril Shenstone at his London chambers, as follows:

"My husband has just been killed by an accident. Do come to me. Papa may not be able to take the journey, and I am quite helpless and alone. Do not fail me."

The messages were sent off, and the duchess impatiently awaited the arrival of the mail-train the next day.

Punctually to the time she expected her visitor, she heard the bustle of someone arriving, and the next moment the Earl of Delvigne came in and folded his daughter in his arms.

Constance saw that he was alone, and her heart sank.

"I was half afraid you would not be strong enough to come," she said, "so I telegraphed to Cyril as well."

"Thank God, I feel particularly well just now, my dear," replied the earl, heartily. "I am sure Cyril would have come if he had got your message, but you know he is away."

"I did not know. Where has he gone?"

"Off on the honeymoon, of course," replied the earl briskly. But perhaps you did not get my last letter; you were moving about so, that I scarcely knew where to address it to you. Cyril and Maud were married the day before yesterday; quite a quiet affair, as both wished. But, my darling child, you are going to faint. What a brute I am to go rattling on about other things, when your mind must be full of your own dreadful sorrow!"

"I shall be better in a minute," gasped the duchess, and made her escape to her own room.

"Too late—too late!" she cried passionately. "Oh, how cruel fate is to me! A few weeks sooner would have saved all!"

Another year has passed over.

Cyril Shenstone has made his mark in the world, and has won an author and at the bar, he has been a success.

Money flows in in plenty, and his society and that of his lovely young wife is courted in the most brilliant and exclusive circles.

Maude, now thoroughly happy, had become more beautiful than ever, and very soon fickle fashion had exalted her to be the reigning belle of the season.

Her gentle matronly dignity, and the entire absence of any coquetry in her disposition, won her as many admirers as did her great beauty.

Men vied with each other in offering her respectful homage and in singing her praises, and jealous women could find nothing for some word or act of hers that might furnish a pretext for scandal or gossip against her.

The widowed Duchess of Welsham was occupying her town house for the season, and although it was too soon after her husband's death for her to appear regularly in society, she had thrown off her heavier weeds, and was by no means a recluse.

She visited and received her friends, and took part in quiet dinners and theatres.

In spite of what had taken place in the past she had managed to become very intimate with the Shenstones.

"THE DUCHESS . . . GRACEFULLY APOLOGIZED FOR HER ABRUPT QUESTION."

She had assumed a gentle chastened manner which led most people to think that the trial of her married life, or the shock of the duke's sudden death, had quite softened and subdued her former proud selfish nature.

Maude, now secure in her husband's affection, was incapable of feeling jealous of him, and Cyril, who was a man of strict principle, would as soon have thought of jumping off Waterloo Bridge as of making love to any woman.

He felt great pity and friendship for Constance, but nothing more, while under soft words and pretty appealing looks, the unhappy duchess hid a heart in which rage, jealousy, and other evil passions were raging.

She saw Cyril Shenstone courted and esteemed, and in a position that anyone might feel proud of, and she bitterly rued her folly in having thrown away such a prize.

She saw, too, that she was powerless to win him back, or to revive one spark of the old love in his breast. The fraternal kindness with which he treated her was the greatest proof of his indifference and she hated, with the full strength of her vindictive nature, the innocent wife to whom Cyril was so devoted.

It so happened that the Count von Halzburg was passing that season in London, for reasons best known to his creditors and himself, and, as usual, his ingenuous countenance and insinuating manners made him a petted favorite among the fair sex.

It was the beautiful Mrs. Shenstone, however, whom he appeared to admire above all other woman.

Her loveliness had attracted him the first time he saw her at Delvigne Castle, and her reputation as a belle and as one who never distinguished one admirer above another piqued him into trying if he could not get her to make an exception in his favor. He went very artfully to work.

As we have mentioned before, his almost boyish face and manner led Maude to treat him with a degree of kindness and familiarity she would never have shown to another stranger.

The count turned this frank friendship to the best account.

He pretended to confide in the young matron, and to ask her advice on all subjects. He hinted at religious doubts and social troubles, and quite imposed upon the simple-minded woman, who walked into the trap laid for her.

He earnestly lectured him, advised him, gave him encouragement and was always ready to listen to the imaginary difficulties he poured into her sympathetic ear.

Secure in her married dignity, Maude never supposed that anyone would misconstrue her words or actions. She was too unused to the ways of the fashionable world to be on her guard, and the innocent candor of her manner was the very thing that gave rise to the first whisper against her.

Now she was classed with such people herself.

Her purity of intention was incomprehensible to the malicious woman who delightedly watched her conduct, and gloated over the prospect of catching her tripping.

Count von Halzburg was quite satisfied with the construction put upon his intimacy with the beautiful Mrs. Shenstone, and did all in his power to compromise her and furnish food for scandal, receiving it all as a proof of the conquest of which he was so proud.

When the Duchess of Welsham heard the first rumor of the gossip against the woman she hated so, a fierce joy filled her breast. At last it seemed as if she was to have the chance of triumphing over her rival.

Being thoroughly acquainted with the bad, worthless character of Count von Halzburg, she had little doubt but that he would consent to be her tool if she made it worth his while.

After long and deep deliberation she had laid her plot, and was determined to carry it out without pity or remorse.

She wrote to Count von Halzburg, asking him to call upon her at a certain hour the next day, and gave orders that no other visitors were to be admitted while he was with her.

Punctually to the time appointed the count presented himself.

"May I hope that madame la duchesse has sent for me to make use of me in her service?" he began in his polite foreign manner as he bowed over the duchess' hand.

"Yes, I do want you to do me a very great service, count," she replied, without the least embarrassment. "You and I know and understand each other thoroughly, and need not wear our society masks when we are alone. Would it be an object to you to receive five thousand pounds now?"

"Ma foi! I should think it would!" he replied eagerly. "Those accursed creditors of mine in Vienna are dunning me daily. I am almost swamped here in London, too. And those cormorants of Jews are refusing to advance me any more money, and beginning to make things very unpleasant for me."

"Just so. I guessed your affairs were not in a very flourishing condition," remarked the duchess with a laugh. "That is why I have put this good stroke of business in your way."

"I am infinitely obliged," replied the count with a bow. "I need not assure madame that I am quite at her service, and shall be happy to execute her wishes, always providing that by doing so I endanger neither my liberty nor my social position."

"Both will remain quite secure. If you carry out successfully what I propose, your reputation as a lady-killer will receive new eclat."

"Then madame has only to make her plans known to be obeyed," replied the count with a covert smile.

And the Duchess of Welsham then and there unfolded her scheme, which met with ready acceptance and approval from her unprincipled accomplice.

CHAPTER IV.

Cyril Shenstone had gradually drop ped into the position of general friend and adviser to the young widow.

She appealed to him in every little difficulty arising out of the management of her property or the bestowal of her patronage, and, needless to say, she invented as many pretexts as possible to bring about the confidential interviews.

And it irritated her greatly to find that, although ready to treat her with frank friendship, her former lover remained quite insensible to her attractions, and it was out of her power to shake his affection for his wife.

On the afternoon of the day on which the duchess had made her bargain with Count von Halzburg she wrote a little note to Cyril Shenstone, asking him if he could spare her half an hour on his way home, as she wished to consult him about some new drainage her steward had proposed.

Cyril good-naturedly did as he was asked, and gave his advice to the best of his ability. As he rose to take his leave the duchess, with great apparent embarrassment, said:

"There is something I feel I ought to say to you, Cyril. I hope you will not take it amiss."

"Of course I shall not, Constance. What is it?" he asked, lightly.

"Try to prevent Maude being too intimate with Count von Halzburg," she said earnestly. "Believe me, he is no fit companion for any young woman. And if Maude knew his real character she would shun him instead of favoring him."

An angry flush rose to Cyril Shenstone's brow when he heard his wife's name mentioned.

"Maude is incapable of indiscretion," he replied haughtily; "and you are quite mistaken in supposing that she is more intimate with Count von Halzburg than with any other gentleman."

"I was afraid you would be vexed," murmured the duchess tearfully; "but you don't understand that it is the very fact of Maude's being so pure and unsophisticated that makes the danger. Von Halzburg imposes himself upon her as an ingenuous youth, seeking advice and guidance, and Maude, in her simple-minded honesty, bestows upon him her friendship, and thinks her influence will lead to good. In reality the man is a thorough profligate, whose intimacy is sufficient to compromise any woman, and already ill-natured tongues are busy with Maude's good name."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Cyril Shenstone furiously, "can't they let any woman's reputation alone? Of all women in London, Maude is the freest from coquetry, and the most deserving of such scandal."

"Maude is just why those who are jealous of her superiority are so eager to twist the most harmless circumstances against her. That is why I want you to give her a hint as to Von Halzburg's true character, so that she may be on her guard against him and drop her intimacy with him. I would have warned her myself, but unfortunately the count was so mixed up in some discreditable transactions with my unfortunate husband that I am, in a manner, silenced. If he had any idea that I was exposing him he would retaliate by repeating stories about the duke which it would be very painful for me to have known. Nothing but the affection I bear you and Maude would have induced me to mention such a subject at all."

"I can understand the circumstance," replied Cyril quickly; "and I thank you very much for opening my eyes to that fellow's conduct. I shall speak to Maude at once, and she will soon send him about his business."

Cyril Shenstone did speak to his wife on the subject, and was very much displeased and surprised at the reception his advice met with.

Maude hotly refused to believe a word against Count von Halzburg's character, and when her husband told her that his want of principle was well known, and that the favor she showed him was already compromising her good name, she drew herself proudly up, and said she would prefer not to go into society any more if Cyril thought she conducted herself with unbecoming levity, and was unable to take care of her own dignity and his.

Cyril Shenstone was both hurt and angry.

He was surprised that his wife could misunderstand him so, or think so much of Von Halzburg's friendship as to make it a subject for quarrel between them.

For the first time he felt a twinge of jealousy and a doubt of Maude stealing into his mind.

He recollected the attention the Austrian has paid her at Delvigne Castle, and how ready she appeared to accept it.

He tried to battle against such an unworthy feeling, but the poison had entered in and would work its way, and the first dark cloud had arisen on their happy married life.

The next evening the Duchess of Welsham dined with the Shenstones, and was quick enough to perceive the slight coolness between husband and wife.

She rejoiced over it in her wicked heart.

"The thin edge of the wedge has entered in," she thought; "all the rest will be easy enough now."

"Where is that curious twisted Indian ring you generally wear, Maude?" she asked, as they sat in the drawing-room after dinner.

Maude looked quickly down at the finger on which she usually wore the ring, and appeared very much startled when she found that she was without it.

"I thought I had it on," she exclaimed with a flush. "I hope I have not lost it."

"You always prized it greatly?"

"Yes; it is one of the very few things I have belonging to my mother. Perhaps I left it on my dressing-table."

"No doubt," said the duchess indifferently, and led the conversation to other subjects.

A few mornings later, when Cyril Shenstone called on the Duchess of Welsham by appointment, he was disagreeably surprised to find the Count von Halzburg in her drawing-room.

The Austrian appeared greatly embarrassed at the meeting, and Cyril with the keen observation of a lawyer, noticed that it was so, and drew his own conclusions from the fact.

"And now, count, I am afraid I must turn you out," said the duchess lightly; "Mr. Shenstone and I have some dry business affairs to talk over, and I know his time is valuable."

The count appeared very much relieved at being able to take his departure so quickly, and he rose to make his adieux at once.

As he held out his hand to his hostess she started back, and exclaimed excitedly:

"Where—where did you get that ring?"

The count uttered an angry oath under his breath.

"Pardon, madame," he said very stiffly; "it was the gift of a dear friend, whose name it cannot possibly interest you to know."

The duchess, who seemed to have recovered from her surprise, gracefully apologized for her abrupt question, and the count retired with a distant bow to Cyril Shenstone, who did not return it.

His face was livid, and he could scarcely maintain his outward composure, for the ring on the count's finger was no other than the one Maude prized so highly.

"Now to business," said the duchess, as the door closed on her departing visitor.

"You must excuse me now, Constance," said Cyril Shenstone in a hoarse voice; "I quite forgot an important appointment I have for this morning. I must hurry away at once."

He turned to go as he spoke, but the duchess laid a firm hand on his sleeve.

"No, Cyril," she said, decidedly, "you must not go now. I know what is in your mind. It all some absurd mistake that can be cleared up. If you have any words with Von Halzburg now, it will give rise to all sorts of silly reports, and injure Maude beyond reparation."

"Let me go, for the cur's neck!" exclaimed Cyril fiercely. "You know quite well, Constance, that it was Maude's ring he had on."

"I fear so," she replied gently, "and it was my abominable stupidity that drew attention to it, but I don't believe for a moment that Maude gave it to him. That man is quite capable of stealing it, or getting it stolen, to compromise her."

"And do you think I shall let such a ruffian go unpunished?" asked the husband, sternly.

"Of course not," replied the duchess, soothingly; "only do nothing rashly. Promise me that you will not seek an interview with him until you have first spoken to Maude when you go home this evening. I shall go to her this afternoon, and perhaps get to the bottom of this mystery of the ring."

The difficulty was, however, to get Cyril Shenstone to agree to do as she suggested, and he went about his usual occupations.

He, however, found it impossible to keep his mind fixed on anything. All sorts of wild thoughts filled his head; fierce jealousy and anger raged in his breast.

The hours appeared interminable until he could turn his face homewards and seek an explanation.

As he was earlier than usual he was not surprised to learn that Maude was not at home. It was very provoking, and he chafed at the delay.

After a little he asked the servant if his mistress had gone out to drive with the Duchess of Welsham.

The man replied that Mrs. Shenstone had gone out with Count von Halzburg before lunch, and had not since returned. The duchess had called in the afternoon, but after waiting a little had gone away.

This answer was such a blow to Cyril Shenstone that he could hardly hide his agitation from the servant.

He went to his room like a man in a dream, quite stunned by the conviction that the wife he regarded as an angel of purity had deceived him and brought disgrace on his name.

He staggered into her room to see if he could find any clue to what she had done. All looked as usual, but his eye fell on a piece of crumpled paper lying on the floor. He picked it up, and smoothing it out, read as follows:

"By ill-luck your husband saw and recognized the ring this morning. All must be discovered. I shall come for you at one o'clock—be ready; there is no other course open for us now."

Half an hour later Cyril Shenstone was knocking at Count von Halzburg's apartments. The door was opened by the valet, who looked confused when he saw who the visitor was.

He said that the count was not at home, and that he did not know when to expect his return.

Cyril Shenstone saw at once that the man could tell more if he wished. He therefore produced a five-pound note, and told the fellow he should be his if he truthfully and fully answered the questions put to him.

The man could not resist the temptation.

From him Cyril heard that the count had gone home about two o'clock, accompanied by Mrs. Shenstone, who appeared in a very agitated state—so much so that the count had almost to carry her upstairs.

After a little the servant received orders to pack his master's portmanteau and fetch a cab.

He did so, and the count and Mrs. Shenstone drove off in it.

Cyril Shenstone heard this intelligence outwardly unmoved. He gave the man the money and returned home.

He spent the night pacing up and down his room, thinking of his future. He had no thought of following the guilty pair or of making his disgrace more public than he could avoid.

He decided to give up everything, leave England the next day, and bury himself in the wilds of Africa or America—anywhere away from civilization and remembrance.

The Duchess of Welsham was surprised by a visit from him early the next morning. His haggard face and shaking voice showed her plainly how he had suffered.

"Ah, Cyril, what has happened?" she cried, starting to her feet.

He told her all, and what he intended to do.

"But it is madness to run away like that, and sacrifice everything for a worthless woman," she exclaimed when he had finished. "Face it like a man, Cyril. Get a divorce, and free yourself, and you may find new happiness."

"Nothing would induce me to do such a thing," he answered decidedly. "In God's eye no divorce frees a man or woman to marry again. So long as Maude lives I should consider no other woman as my wife. Indeed, I could never love or trust anyone again. Since my belief in her has been destroyed, all the good in me appears to have died."

"You would get over all that in time, if you would only wait a little, and give yourself time to recover," said the duchess with white and trembling lips.

"You are mistaken, Constance," he said sorrowfully. "My love for Maude was mixed with such reverence and trust, that the discovery of her frailty affects me as if I had found out that my religion and all I venerated was a lie. I can never recover from such a blow. My boyish passion for you was soon cured. This lasts forever, and blights my whole life. Good-bye forever! I shall never set foot in England again."

When left alone, the duchess gave way to her violence and despair.

She sobbed hysterically, tore her hair, stamped her foot, and was altogether like a person beside herself

She saw that all her plots and wickedness had been in vain, and that Cyril Shenstone was as much out of her reach as if nothing had come between him and his wife.

When Cyril Shenstone returned to his house, and was about making arrangements for leaving, a telegram was put into his hand.

It was from the owner of an inn at Kingston-on-Thames, and ran as follows:

"A gentleman who met with a bad accident last night is here, and wishes to see you on a matter of life and death. Come at once; he has not long to live."

Cyril Shenstone's first impulse was to take no notice of the message.

In his overwhelming grief, other people's affairs, no matter how serious they might be, appeared to him of little consequence; but he conquered the selfish feeling, and sailing a hansom, drove at once to Waterloo station, where he was just in time to catch a train.

When he arrived at the inn from which the telegram was sent, the host told him that the gentleman who had been carried in there the night before, refused to give any name. All that was known of him was that, while he was standing on the platform waiting for the London train, he fell backwards on the lines, owing to his foot having slipped, and that he had been so severely injured by falling against a truck that paralysis of the spine had ensued. Although quite conscious and free from much pain, the man had not long to live, for paralysis was creeping on to the brain, and then all would be over.

His great anxiety appeared to be to see Mr. Shenstone before he became unconscious.

Wondering greatly who this person could be, and what he wanted with him, Cyril Shenstone went upstairs after the host, who, when he opened a bedroom door, left him.

Cyril entered the room alone and glanced with curiosity towards the bed to discover its occupant.

He could scarcely believe his eyes when they showed him that it was the Count von Halzburg who lay there dying.

"You!" he ejaculated in a tone of loathing.

"Yes, Mr. Shenstone," replied the other; "I am sorry to say it is I who lie here like a senseless log. I do not wonder that you are not pleased to see me; but we have no time to waste in useless reproaches and recriminations. Sit down and listen to what I have to say."

"Villain, tell me first what you have done with my poor wife!" said Cyril sternly.

"Your wife is not very far off," replied the other with a peculiar smile. "You will see her soon."

"Never!" cried Cyril bitterly. "I will not torture myself by looking upon her fair bad face again. I shall see that suitable provision is made for her, in spite of her guilt; but she is dead to me."

"Your wife is as free from guilt as an angel from heaven."

Cyril Shenstone laughed scornfully.

"I can understand that you try to screen her now that you are dying," he said harshly; "but you can hardly expect me to believe in the innocence of a woman who left her husband's house and starts off on a journey with another man."

"I have sent for you to explain all," said the dying man peevishly. "If you will only have the patience to listen, all can be cleared up; for I do not intend to take up much time to spare, and must be as brief as possible."

"I will hear you, but I warn you it is useless to try to impose on me, and in your dying state you ought not to prevaricate."

"One would almost suppose that you were wishing to know that your wife was guilty. However, let that pass. The facts of the case are these. The Duchess of Welsham offered me five thousand pounds if I could act so as to make it appear that your wife had eloped with me."

"BLANK ASTONISHMENT AND A FEW MOMENTS' DEAD SILENCE FOLLOWED."

"You are mad!" cried Cyril Shenstone, starting to his feet. "The Duchess of Welsham is incapable of such a thing. She has been a true friend to Maude and to me. She would have no motive for such a crime."

"Mr. Shenstone, if you interrupt and contradict, I shall be silent, and you may suffer the consequences of your folly."

"No; go on, I implore you! Whatever I feel, I promise to say nothing."

"Because, then. The duchess offered me this money, and, as I was very hard up, I promised to earn it. You think such villainy impossible; but with all your intimacy and long acquaintance, you little know the true character of the duchess. She and I used no hypocrisy in our mutual transactions, for each understood the other.

"She was violently in love with you, and wanted to have you divorced from your wife, that you might marry her.

"The evening she dined with you she saw your wife's ring lying on the dressing-table and put it in her pocket. The next day she sent for me, gave me the ring, and we arranged the little scene which you took part in yesterday morning. I drove straight from Victoria to yours, when I told your wife a piteous sort of story about a poor young girl I had found dying in the slums of London, who was longing to see some kind-hearted lady to comfort her last hours. Mrs. Shenstone was too simple-minded to suspect any evil. She set off at once on such an errand of mercy. We took a cab, and, by way of guarding against the effects of the vitiated air into which I was supposed to be taking her, I got her to inhale what she thought was a disinfectant, but which was in reality a preparation of chloroform. She became quite stupefied, and for hours was not in a condition to know what passed. I left her to my rooms, got my portmanteau packed, and then drove her to the station. After that there could be no doubt of her guilt in anyone's mind."

"I never heard before of such a fiendish plot," groaned Cyril Shenstone. "And who wrote that letter I picked up?"

"I suppose it was the one I wrote, and which the duchess said she would find an opportunity of introducing into your wife's room to criminate her."

"Fiendish woman! How could I have been so blind?"

"She is beautiful and cunning enough to deceive anyone, but I must continue. I had engaged rooms for Mrs. Shenstone down here, and put a woman who is in my power into them to look after her and prevent her escaping until she received further orders. I saw her safely into them, and was waiting for the uptrain to take me to town and then on to the Continent, when I met with this accident."

"It was a righteous judgment on you," said Cyril, sternly. "I cannot imagine how anyone could lend himself to such a cruel and foolish plot, for you must have known that if the affair came into court the truth would be discovered and your plans defeated."

"Not at all," replied the count. "Who would believe Mrs. Shenstone's improbable story in the face of facts and my version of what really took place? Not even you would have credited her tale, and so long as you did not know the part the duchess played in the affair you could not have unraveled the tangled skein. The fail I got changed everything. When I knew my hours were numbered I felt how guilty I had been—for the first time in my life I recognized that there was a God, and that He had punished me and prevented me reaping the reward of my villainy. My conscience began to prick me, and I determined to make what reparation was left in my power by sending for you and confessing the whole truth, which you could not otherwise have known. I cannot expect you to forgive me."

"Yes, I forgive you, and may God do the same!" said Cyril solemnly. "You have been saved from ruining two lives. I see now that if I had been worthy of my wife, I would have believed in her in spite of all appearances."

"I don't think any man could have done that in the face of what happened. I am thankful that no great harm has been done, and that you have years of happiness before you both yet."

"God grant it! But you have not yet told me where she is!"

"The address is on that card on the dressing table. Go to her at once; she must be greatly alarmed by this time."

Before evening the Count von Halzburg had passed away.

The rumor that Mrs. Shenstone had eloped with her Austrian admirer flew like wild-fire through the fashionable world, and created intense excitement.

One of the most splendid balls of the season took place the evening after Maude's supposed flight, at the house of the French ambassador in London, and the one absorbing topic discussed was the unexplained absence.

While the buzz of gossiping tongues was at its loudest, Mr. and Mrs. Shenstone were announced, and the husband and wife looking as handsome and happy as ever, composedly advanced to meet their hosts.

Blank astonishment and a few moments' dead silence followed, which Cyril and Maude perceived and understood; but they both bore themselves bravely, and their opportune appearance in society gave the lie to all the reports which had been flying about.

Cyril easily accounted for his absence from town during the day by saying that Valsburg had met with a fatal accident, and had sent for him and Mrs. Shenstone, as his most intimate friends, to hear his last wishes.

People felt very much inclined to themselves for having been so completely taken in by an idle canard, and tried to atone to Maude by making more of her than ever.

The Duchess of Welsham received a letter from Cyril Shenstone the next morning, and a few hours later she had left London.

Little was heard of her until the year following when her marriage with a Russian noble brought her name again before the world for a few days.

Didn't Have Much Confidence.

"Did I understand you to say that you had had considerable experience with the Indians in the West?" inquired a man on an Eastern train of a tall stranger.

"Yes, I suppose I have."

"What do you consider the outlook for their civilization?"

"Poor, very poor. They don't seem to learn anything. Why, sir, only last week I traded one of the most intelligent of them an old horse blind in both eyes, and all crippled up generally, for two ponies, and he never knew he was cheated. I can't understand why it is the Indian doesn't improve more."

"Well, that looks bad for them, sure enough. I suppose you have a ranch near one of their reservations?"

"Oh, no, I'm no rancher," replied the stranger as he threw his leg over the arm of his seat; "no, I'm a missionary. I was sent out by the William Penn Missionary Society of Philadelphia, and have been laboring among the red brethren for the last twenty years."—*Chicago Herald.*

Pleasant Information.

Gerkins—Isn't that Miss Perkins over there?
Firkins—Yes.
Gerkins—What's she talking to that infernal little fool Smirkins for, I wonder?
Firkins—Rehearsing for the next fool she dances with, she told me.
N. B.—Gerkins is down on Miss Perkins' card as the "next fool."—*Topics.*

Could Not Remember.

"Wose, dash, tell me—ah—did you make a memowandum of the—ah—wemark I made to you when I was hewe befoah?"

"No, Charlie, I didn't."

"That's dweadful, cause, don't yer know, I cawn't wecollect myself whether I pwoposed to you or Clawa."—*Whitehall Times.*

The Devil's Card.

It was midnight. Fernand de Roquefui was seated in a cafe on the boulevard among six of his intimate companions, all young men of the world like himself. In accordance with an ancient Paris custom, he wished to bring his life of single blessedness to an end by giving a merry entertainment to his former comrades. He was to be married in three days at Saint Phillippe du Roule. The intended bride was Mme. de Lucay, a charming young widow, who had many ardent suitors. As the wine went round, his friends heartily congratulated him on his triumph. During the repast his good fortune was the chief topic of conversation, until, at dessert, many already had begun to envy him.

"Well, Fernand," remarked one of the guests, "I must say that when you came into the world you drew a lucky ticket in the lottery of fortune."

"Yes, indeed, between ourselves, I must admit I have very little to complain of," answered Fernand.

Just as he had finished speaking the first bottle of champagne was opened. The foam sparkled in the crystal cups. The young men, wholly intent on enjoyment, paid heed an ear to the expiring din and noise of Paris when the great city is about to sink into slumber. But just at this moment one of the waiters entered and handed Fernand a dainty little card.

"A visit at this hour, and in a public cafe," exclaimed the jolly host, refusing to accept the card with an air of lofty disdain. "Tell the gentleman he may present himself at my rooms on Louis-le-Grand street tomorrow. I be at home I shall be very happy to receive him."

"But sir," one of the guests aptly remarked, "you have not even taken the trouble to look at the name of the visitor who send in his card."

"Why, that's so," replied Fernand. "Let us see who is this fellow who choose such queer visiting hours."

Having pompously adjusted his eye-glass, he held up the card and tried to decipher the name. He had to give it up.

"There is some name scawled on it," he remarked, in a puzzled way, "but for the life of me, I can't make it out. Perhaps some of you may succeed in deciphering it," he continued, handing it in turn to each of his friends seated around the table.

The six of them struggled with it in turn, and finally gave it up in despair.

The circumstance alone was enough to excite the curiosity of a less inquiring mind than Fernand's. A moment before he was about to dismiss the stranger unceremoniously, now he had the keenest desire to see him.

"Tell the gentleman to come in," he said, addressing a waiter.

In a moment the seven gay youths saw approach a young man, hat in hand, rather below medium height, who saluted all present with a graceful bow and in a pleasant tone of voice. He was dressed in the most approved fashion, with white cravat and gloves, and wore a dainty little eye-glass. His face was extremely handsome—a trifle too effeminate for a young man, perhaps, but it bore the expression of a quiet resolution that seemed to compensate for the absence of beard and mustache.

"Sir," said Fernand, addressing him, "you have been considerate enough to send in your card, and I should therefore know your name, but, truth to tell, I have not been able to read it—not even to spell it."

"Very well, sir, I shall have the honor of telling it to you in an instant," replied the stranger, with a pleasant smile.

"But, in the meantime, you will please inform me in what capacity you have come to speak to me?"

"In that of creditor. Perhaps we had better retire to a private seat for a moment."

"It is not necessary. A creditor! Ah! do not be at all embarrassed, sir; speak out without the least reserve. These six gentlemen are very intimate friends. They will not be at all surprised to learn that I have a few outstanding debts in Paris. And now may I inquire what it is about?"

"Monsieur de Roqueteui, some ten years ago, as you doubtless remember, you sacrificed your entire fortune to save the honor of the Viscount de Brevames, an old friend of your father's boyhood. After having paid a debt of 500,000 francs you found that your excessive generosity left you entirely dependent. Now could a young man like you, brought up amid wealth and luxury, do on finding himself suddenly deprived of all his means? In your apartment on Louis-le-Grand street you took one evening a sheet of note paper, and wrote in large letters the following words:

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to deliver up my soul to Satan provided he bestow on me ten years' riches.
FERNAND DE ROQUEFEUI.

"The window chanced to be open at that moment. There came a sudden gust of air. The wind snapped up the sheet of paper, swept it through the window and carried it to the devil—I mean to his address."

"How did you come the knowledge of all these things, sir?"

"Allow me to finish my story, if you please. From the following morning your life was a perfect run of good luck. Fortune flew to you. In rummaging one day under an old piece of furniture you discovered a large roll of money, without knowing how it came there! In your apartment on Louis-le-Grand street you took one evening a sheet of note paper, and wrote in large letters the following words:

"

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I.] TORONTO, FEB. 18, 1888. [No. 12.

Facilities for Art Printing.

The publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT on Wednesday made a contract with Messrs. Miller & Richards, agents for Walter Scott of Plainfield, N. J., for the purchase of a magnificent press on which SATURDAY NIGHT will hereafter be printed. This superb and expensive machine will be the first of its kind ever brought to Canada, and we hope that in less than a month to have it in operation. It has all the most modern appliances for the printing of the most delicate work and for bringing out the finest engravings. Mr. Walter Scott, who made the web-perfecting presses on which the *Mail*, *News* and *Telegram* of this city are printed, is the designer as well as the manufacturer of the press, and paid a special visit to Toronto to make the specifications and arrangements necessary to complete the contract. It will be erected under the supervision of men from his works, which are the largest of the kind in the United States.

The growth of SATURDAY NIGHT'S circulation has been without precedent in the history of Canadian publications. The sales of the two last issues of this paper on Saturday the 4th and 11th instant, were the largest the paper ever had, not excepting Christmas eve, when we printed a double number. This week both the country and city orders have increased to such an extent that it became evidently impossible for us to do without additional printing facilities, and in this connection the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT again thank its thousands of readers and friends for the generous support which has contributed so largely to the immediate success of this enterprise.

The Cause of Business Frauds.

The epidemic of fraudulent business failures, defalcations and breaches of trust which still prevails in this city has its social as well as its commercial lessons, which, if less pointedly emphasized, are equally worthy of consideration. That in this age and country business men are often tempted from the straight path by undue haste to be rich, and that a contempt for the slow and steady gains of plodding industry is apt to lead to financial dishonesty, exposure and ruin is a familiar truism. But the impelling cause of this over-anxiety to achieve sudden wealth is often lost sight of. As a rule men do not covet riches simply for their own sake. The miser of the stage and the sensation novel, who loves to gloat in secret over a hoard of glittering treasure, is an extinct species or nearly so. The modern money-grubber, as a rule, makes money to spend it. It is the desire to attain social position—to indulge in lavish and costly display, and vie with his neighbors and acquaintances in an extravagant style of living, which is at the bottom of most of the commercial frauds of this fraudulent age. The rottenness of business has its root in wrong social ideals—in the tendency to estimate everyone by the style they keep up, and the dash they make, instead of by the stan lard of personal worth and mental qualifications.

The fair sex have a heavy responsibility in this matter. Many a man who might otherwise have remained honest is tempted by the ambition of his wife or daughters to launch out into extravagance in his family expenditure which he knows he cannot afford, and little by little he is drawn into the whirlpool of speculation and swindling in which so many a fair reputation has gone down. It is women who create the social tone, who regulate the conventional standards which the world accepts. The inordinate love of dress, equipage and display regarded as standards of a certain social position—though happily not the best—is fostered by a false pride and a perverted ambition.

We greatly need a return to simpler fashions and a less expensive mode of living. Extravagant habits and requirements have grown among our wealthy people and the much larger class who wish to be considered wealthy in a ratio out of all proportion to their means for gratifying such tastes. It is all very well to preach a reform in business methods and denounce the evils of over-trading and speculation, but to be effectual it must be accompanied by a reform in the expensive style of living which now obtains.

Picture Galleries and Museums.

Attention has frequently been drawn of late to the desirability of adding to the attractions of Toronto as a place of resort for tourists and pleasure-seekers. While much has been done in this direction, and successfully done, as is sufficiently proven by the number of visitors who annually seek this city for recreation, a good deal yet remains to do. Among the attractions we yet lack are a good picture-gallery and a museum worthy of the name. We are frequently told that Canadians are a practical people—too busy in advancing their material interests to pay much attention to æsthetic and scientific matters. That excuse was well enough in the days of our infancy before we had fairly cut our way out of the woods, but in the present stage of our development when we are putting in our claims to be considered a metropolitan city it is getting a little hackneyed.

In other large centers wealthy men have made munificent donations for establishing and maintaining galleries and museums. With our growing riches should come increased attention to the arts of refinement. We boast a fair amount of native artistic talent, but the encouragement afforded to its development by judicious patronage on the part of those whose means and position should induce them to take an active interest in local art has been but slight. A picture gallery in which the best works of our own native painters would be always on exhibition would do much to promote the artistic spirit.

In the matter of a museum the Canadian Institute has made an excellent beginning, but the means at its disposal are altogether inadequate to the task. It would be a graceful act if some of our merchant princes or others who have made fortunes amongst us should devote a portion of their means to such an object.

A Canadian Divorce Court.

There is a ripple of agitation for the establishment of a Canadian divorce court, by which applications for divorce can be judicially decided, as a substitute for the present tedious, expensive and frequently unavailing process for relief from the chains of matrimony by a special act of Parliament. The demand has logic on its side. Assuming that divorces are ever to be granted, it is certainly better that the work should be undertaken by a court specially constituted for that purpose, than handed over to the Dominion Senate—a body in no wise fitted by training for performing a purely judicial function. The argument that the Americans have divorce courts, some of which grant divorces for trivial causes, proves nothing. It might as well be urged that because Russian courts punish severely offences which are not recognized as crimes in this country, therefore our tribunals for dealing with theft and murder should be abolished. The laxity of the Illinois divorce law is a good reason for strictly limiting and defining the causes for which complete separation may be granted—it is no reason at all for urging that where what is universally admitted to be adequate cause exists the remedy should be made as costly and tardy as possible by a complicated process. Either divorce should be refused altogether, or it should be made readily and speedily attainable where due and scriptural reason for it can be proved.

We can understand the position of those who on religious grounds say that in no case should those who have once been legally proclaimed husband and wife be parted by the law. Their position is at least clear and logical. But they would be no more compromised or affected by turning over the business of severing the matrimonial bond to a court than they are now by the plan of granting divorce by act of Parliament. So long as this is done our laws do recognize divorce as a "luxury" for those who are able to pay for it. This being the case, it is an injustice to put it practically beyond the reach of a large class who have not the means or the influence to push a bill through the Senate. The present system is an anomaly and an absurdity from whichever standpoint it is regarded.

"Jim Bludso" in the Pulpit.

A noteworthy instance of the growing liberality of religious thought and the decay of pulpit conventionalisms was afforded by Dr. Talmage's introduction in a recent sermon of a quotation from the well-known poem of "Jim Bludso." When the poem sprung into popularity, some fifteen years or so since, there was a tremendous outcry against it. The religious press voted it positively blasphemous. Even many of the secular journals joined in the protest. Its sentiments no less than its style were regarded as a violation of all the proprieties. Who could have dreamed that in a few years its rough-and-ready stanzas would be quoted approvingly by the most popular and widely-read pulpit orator in America, who, though at times eccentric, is always orthodox to the back-bone?

It is an evidence, one of many, that the pulpit is getting more in touch with the life of common every-day humanity, that while losing its prim starched-up formality, it is recognizing the truth so eloquently set forth by many lay writers who have taught us that courage, generosity and self-sacrifice may often be found among those whom the world regards as outcasts. The change is one for the better. There is a good deal more true religion in "Jim Bludso," than in many a long-winded doctrinal sermon, and the preacher who does not feel it will never make much headway with the masses.

A Lady Mountaineer.

(See page Three.)

This daring young woman is shown "turning a corner" on the insecure snow-path round a jutting tower of rock, slightly assisted by the guides with their rope, but apparently relying more on her own alpenstock, thrust into the bank of hard snow at her right hand. What there is at her left hand one might shudder to fancy—a precipice of many hundred feet, with death at the bottom; and perhaps it will be advisable for her not to look that way. If a woman has nerve and self-possession, in which qualities, partly moral and partly physical, not a few women are quite equal to men, she can learn to perform a feat of this kind, with her light, firm tread and good balance of the whole body, as deftly as the more robust sex; for it is not a question of enduring strength to resist fatigue. Girls have been known in a lofty city house, to step outside from one upper window-sill to another, where boys would scarcely have ventured, and to think nothing of the danger. We do not, however, commend any such perilous practices to the young ladies of our acquaintance; for their lives are extremely valuable, even more than those of their brothers. This faculty, moreover, of enduring the unusual position of very great altitude without disturbance of the brain and nerves, is not always found in men of undoubted courage, who would calmly face the enemy's fire on the field of battle. It is a faculty vouchsafed to cats and monkeys, and to the insects that crawl upon the wall, but which has been denied to some of the most heroic of mankind, while many a coward would not be afraid to sit five thousand feet above the earth in the car of a balloon. Women, as a general rule, are not cowards at all, unless they have been made so by a bad education and indolent habits of life.

A Sunday in the Exhibition.

(See Page Eleven.)

This is a truly Parisian picture and comes to us from one of the art journals of Paris. A countryman has taken his three grandchildren to see the fine art exhibition, and in the center foreground with his arm thrown affectionately around the shoulder of the wondering boy he is pointing out the beauties of a piece of sculpture. The little girl stands in blank amazement, astounded to see such an absence of clothing. The rustic group is exciting the merriment of some of the other visitors who crowd the exhibition. The expressions on the faces, the attitudes and the pictures in the background are wonderfully well delineated. In Canada it is doubtful if a grandfather would take his youngsters to that particular portion of the exhibition, but that false modesty which shudders if art is not draped as amply as this climate compels in real life is a poor basis of education. To the pure all things are pure, and the masterpieces of painting and sculpture have done much to refine the world, never anything to debase it.

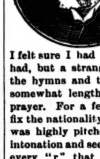
The End of Betrayed Love.

(See Page One.)

This sadly beautiful picture, which appears on the front page, is a piece of the most artistic workmanship that we have yet presented to our readers. The title suggests the story—the old, old story—of a woman who "loved not wisely, but too well," and has been rewarded for her devotion by the perfidious desertion of her betrayer. The sea shore with its wild cliffs and moaning surf is always saddening, and its desolation impresses the most joyous heart with a sense of loneliness. The artist has chosen such a spot as the background of his touching picture. The story is of the olden time. A maiden fair in her despair had thrown herself into the sea, and has been left on the shore by the receding tide. The scene suggests Hood's lines:

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care,
Fa-bioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

The Huguenots of Quebec.



OR the last two Sunday evenings I have been trying to hear Rev. Dr. Kellogg, of St. James' square Presbyterian church, but found his pulpit filled by another. Last Sunday night I felt sure I had found him at home, and so I had, but a stranger was with him, who read the hymns and the lessons and offered up a somewhat lengthy but beautifully composed prayer. For a few moments I was puzzled to fix the nationality of the stranger. His voice was highly pitched, had a sort of a strident intonation and seemed to cling affectionately to every "r" that could possibly be "burred." A voice similar in every way to the one sounding in my ears came back to me, but I could not place it until the reading was well-nigh over. All at once I thought of the place I had heard those precise, choppy tones—Montreal! Then I knew in a moment he was a Frenchman—one of those, as thoroughly Anglicised as any Frenchman can become, who are still unable to drop some of the peculiarities of their mother tongue. Dr. Kellogg introduced him as Rev. Mr. Doudiet, pastor of St. John's (French Canadian) church, Montreal. The pastor explained that he was desirous of having his congregation acquainted with as many of the schemes of the church to which they contributed as possible, and had pleasure in introducing Mr. Doudiet, who could better explain than any other the necessities and progress of the Presbyterian missions in Quebec.

The speaker took as his text I Cor. ix., 15:

For if I preach the Gospel I have nothing to glory of, for necessity is laid upon me; for woe is unto me if i preach not the Gospel.

Mr. Doudiet, whose picture appears at the head of the column, is a small, dark complexioned native of France, about sixty years old, and earnest, rapid and fluent in his utterance. He is the desendent of an old Huguenot family, and has none of the bitterness of the man who makes capital out of being a convert from Romanism. He said he believed that the Romish Church was once the Christian Church, and that it still contains many good and pious people who will be saved. But like the ruin of a beautiful old cathedral, preserving some of its architectural grandeur in its decay, which may afford valuable suggestions to those about to build other churches, its value as a place where the Gospel can be heard is vanished. Some people sharply criticized the desirability of sending missionaries to Catholics, urging that as they are Christians already it is effort and money wasted. They say we might as well send Presbyterian missionaries to our Anglican or Methodist brethren! The cases were entirely different. The Anglicans and Methodists have the Word of God, but the French-Canadian Catholics have it not. In forty-three years' work among them he had hardly ever seen a copy of the New Testament in the home of the *habitant*. In many Irish Catholic houses he had seen the Douay Bible, but the French-Canadian papacy has succeeded in keeping the Gospel out of the hands of their people. When the bishops and priests of Quebec tell their parishioners to read the Scriptures and provide them with Testaments he would be the first one to say that the French-Canadian missions should be abandoned.

Others urge that Protestantism is unsuitable for Latin races Have those who make this contention read the history of the Huguenots of France? Do they understand the character of those who were driven out by Louis XIV.? The enlightenment which led them to be Protestants had opened the way to a knowledge of science and art, and they were the most skilled workmen of France. When they were expelled after suffering persecutions and terrors which even the heathen rulers of ancient Rome had never inflicted on the early Christians they took with them the richest treasure of their native land—their skill, industry and knowledge of manufactures. From that time dated the manufacturing prosperity of the lands in which they settled. If their petition to Cardinal Richelieu had been heard they would have settled in New France, as they then called Canada, though it proved to be a frozen and desolate land. They still loved France, and would have lived under her flag as colonists, but Richelieu refused their request. If it had been granted your Quebec would now be a different land! Instead of so many convents, monasteries and evidences of ignorance and superstition the banks of the St. Lawrence would outshine the world with the magnificence of its shipping and manufactures.

But a similar argument is being used with regard to the evangelization of Africa. Men who call themselves Christians urge that Mahommedanism is better suited to the Africans than Christianity! Do you believe it is a waste of money to teach men something better than the sensualities of the doctrines of the False Prophet? The same argument applies to the relief of the people of Quebec from the ignorance and superstition of a papacy which is no longer Christian. During the late smallpox epidemic little paper stamps were sold bearing the images of saints; the smaller size was to be put in a cup of water and drank for the prevention of the plague, and the larger size was to be pasted on the clothing! "I have seen," said he, "cards sold at fairs for one dollar, which entitled the holder to a share in so many thousand masses for the salvation of his soul! I have been shown by one who came from a monastery to me to find his belight a steel belt with prongs to pierce the flesh of the wearer as an expiation of sin! This cannot continue if the people have the Gospel! All I ask is that they may read for themselves, and conversions must follow!"

"Others say," said he, vigorously replying to the objections made to continuing and enlarging the missions, "that nothing has been accomplished! I have been in the work almost from its inception, and I know that much has been done. When I was an elder in St. John's church, forty-three years ago, we met in a little low kitchen, and when there were twelve we thought the attendance large, though it was the only French Protestant place of worship in Montreal. Now there are six French Protestant places of worship, and three of these Presbyterian, and at communion the last Sunday at St. John's over fifty came forward to partake; and if all had come I would have had one hundred and ten. You may say this is only the natural increase, but if you know the persecution and name-calling the French Protestants have to endure you would think differently. Many of them cannot stand it, and go to the United States. I know them all, for I have been so long with them, and our numbers do not nearly represent the work we are doing. In France congregations are being established; and the States ministers are preaching the Gospel first taught them at our mission at Point aux Trembles, and these preachers tell us of the numbers to whom they preach who were converted by our missions. In all the counties where English speaking Protestants are rapidly being crowded out you can find farms held by those who were shown the light in our schools! These are the Huguenots of Quebec! They never go back to Rome! Those converted by argument sometimes succumb to persecution and loneliness, but the children who are taught God's Word while their minds can be molded are the same as the Huguenots who would rather die than recant."

"Last fall we had to refuse one hundred and seventy-five pupils who applied for admission to our school at Point aux Trembles! Every one of these would have been a missionary when he or she returned to the farm or the home! These are the missionaries with whom no one can quarrel! They can read to their parents the testament lessons the *habitants* have never learned and by many texts quietly teach that a "vain repetition" of prayers and a worship of angels is not the way to seek Christ or gain heaven.

He announced his mission in the West to be in the direction of raising $5,000 to assist in building additions to the school; $2,000 had been raised in Montreal in spite of the fear of every Protestant merchant and politician that should they be found contributing to such an object they would be boycotted and seriously injured in their prospects.

Taken all through the sermon was exceedingly interesting, and if such an appeal is made to those who can afford to subscribe in Toronto Rev. Mr. Doudiet should not have to go much further West to secure what he needs to complete the work.

I have not criticized his exegesis, arrangement or exposition for there really was none. He seized hold of the question like one vitally interested and went ahead making points, which, if they did not come in exact order, all weighed well in his plea for help. DON.

My Valentines.

St. Valentine's Eve, or more truthfully, morning,
I sat, in the depths of my easiest chair;
My champagne and cigarettes beside, back the ball-room,
Its fragrance, its music, the girls who were there.

When, suddenly came at my door a loud rapping;
It opened, and, Nymphs of the land and the water!
Bigine my feelings; before me was standing
That muscular nuisance, my washwoman's daughter.

"An' is is yerself that's engaged, Misther Harry?"
The wide mouth had opened, the harsh voice came forth;
I shivered, and shook, and could scarce have felt icier,
Had I been a beg in the frozen-up North.

"An' sure, sorr," she said, "I've the bill for yer washin',
The longest a decent man iver did see;
An' as is is Leap Year, an' I see yiill not settle,
Yer Valentine, sorr, I've concluded to be."

She placed a brass ring on my cold, passive finger;
I tried to reply, but I only could choke;
But, just as her lips touched my cheek, I grew frantic,
And shrieking, I sprang to my feet—and awoke!

Thrice happy awaking! That horrible vision
Gives place to the morning's delectable mail;
A snow-storm of valentines, dainty and witty,
Around me their passionate perfumes exhale.

Leap Year, and a Bachelor! I'm to be envied;
The girls, for this twelvemonth, shall have their sweet wills;
And ere it is gone, I'll make one of them happy—
I'll give her the pleasure of settling my bills.

Literary Notes.

Mr. E. P. Roe has written a story, the scenes of which are laid during the civil war, for the *Independent*, called Found, Yet Lost, which will begin some time this month.

Lewis Morris, the author of The Epic of Hades, which ran through some twenty odd editions, has been presented with a silver medal by the Queen in honor of the ode which he wrote for the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute. Mr. Morris, it is said, has his eye on the laureateship.

An Englishman who is now living in America, and who seems to be an observer of the Max O'Rell type, is about to publish, through Henry Holt & Co., New York, an illustrated book called Uncle Sam at Home, in which he excoriates society in general in that free and enlightened country.

Those who live outside the pale of literature generally imagine that to make books is equivalent to making money. The arrangements between publisher and author are generally these: If this writer is unknown he gets ten per cent. after the first thousand of the book is sold. A moderately known writer, ten per cent. on the first thousand or fifteen from the second. Sixteen thousand copies is considered a good sale for a work of fiction.

Wilkie Collins has written a new novel, entitled The Legacy of Cain, which is described as a story of a most absorbing character, and the publication of which will be commenced in serial form within a week or two.

The great publishing house of Harper & Brother have discontinued the issue of Harper's Franklin Square Library and the Handy Volume Series, their places to be filled by a new series half way in size and style between the two. The first issue of the new series has been issued, and being convenient in shape and well printed in good sized type, will no doubt be well received by the reading public.

In Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie's story of The Colonel's Money, one of Harper's Young People Series, an American girl, Gladys Ferrol by name, falls heir to a large property in England, and goes over there to be educated up to it. It is an interesting story of girl life, uncommonly well illustrated.

The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport, including chapters on canoeing, by John Boyle O'Reilly, will be issued by Ticknor & Co. in March. The same house has nearly ready a novel of American life in Paris and Nice, by Mark Hopkins, jr., son of the late President of Williams College.

According to the *Literary World*, Mrs. Oliphant's Makers of Venice was the popular book at the New York bookstores last week. There were many inquiries for Queen Money, the new novel by the author of Margaret Kent. Mr. Froude's The English in the West Indies and the Life of Darwin were going well; Mr. Trollope's Reminiscences fairly. For Maurice's Revolutionary Movement in Italy there has been a large demand. For Dr. Jekyll, for the Bucholz Family, and for such an old book as Hoppin's Old England, there is still a steady sale. For Mr. Haweis' iconoclastic series on Christ and Christianity there is little call; Dr. Phillips Brooks's and Dr. Wm. M. Taylor's are the best selling sermons.

The servant girl question continues to hold its own as one of the most vexed questions of social life. To solve the problem, or at least make the attempt, in the course of which many useful and excellent suggestions are offered, Mr. Griffith A. Nichols has issued a book with the catchy title of The Biddy Club, published by Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Robert Louis Stevenson is engaged on two novels in his retreat on the Saranac River. One bears the rather extensive title of The Master of Ballantrae: the Full Account of the Strange Manner of His Life and Death; edited from the Papers of the Late Ephraim MacKellar, late Steward of the Durrisdeer Estate. The other, which is nearly finished, is called Harry Shovel: A Romance of the Peninsular War.

William Black has written two novels which will appear as serials: In Far Lochaber in *Harper's Monthly*, and The Strange Adventures of a House Boat in the *Illustrated London News*.

Mrs. William Dean Howells says that her husband is going to write a novel of New York society life.

Daniel O'Connell's private correspondence will be published by Murray, London. The editor, Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, will write a memoir and notes.

A German translation of Zola's latest work, La Terre, published in Buda-Pesth, has been suppressed.

After Hugh Conway, Captain Mayne-Reid. One of his posthumous stories, Under the Mangroves, has just been completed in the *Journal des Débats*, which published it as a serial; and another one, No Quarter, has been noticed in this paper last month. Of the latter book English critics say that the author's wisdom in not giving it to the public, was greater than that of his "literary executors," as the story does not in the least add to his reputation.

There are comparatively few college-educated men in Congress. It pays better to play baseball.

Here and There.

Some day I am going to get up an article on what not to write for the newspapers. Every day I get an armful of contributions from people of considerable ability who insist on writing the wrong thing. Their fingers seem to get an itching for editorial work and they "sit down and take their pen in hand," and produce a lot of polysyllabic rubbish so absolutely and unutterably unfit for general reading that I marvel how they could be so blind as to waste ink and paper.

* * *

I have a screed of this kind under my eye entitled Pessimism. I have read it twice through and don't know what it means. It starts thus: "Every age has cried 'ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,' lamenting the by-gone golden days when 'every rood of ground maintained its man.' Many are the morbid dyspeptics scattered throughout every class of society. They may easily be identified." It concludes: "Man's perfectibility is visible in each of us; though perfection is still far distant we are approaching it. Our steps may be halting. We shall not come to a standstill in this march to an ideal manhood for very shame that the words of our belittlers will prove true."

* * *

These things read all right enough but why should a column of quotations and useless words be wasted in telling us some people claim that, as the old farmer would put it, "things haint as they used to was." Everybody knows that, yet a column sketch embodying the same idea, but invested with human interest and passion, and the movement of thought and dialogue of people that we can imagine are living, can be made very interesting and the truth very pointed.

* * *

Those who want to write for a literary paper must learn that essays will be thrown unread into the waste-basket, while the sketches and stories embodying a truth will be carefully read, and if there is any hope of making the idea shine out of an entertaining column, they will be printed. I have essays enough on hand to stuff a bed-tick; and if they were printed it is safe to say none but the writers of them would ever read more than half a dozen lines.

* * *

If you want to write about pessimism and feel sure you know something about it select some pessimist of your acquaintance, relate one of his stories, picture the man, his hopes, ambitions and philosophy, and then in a half dozen lines you can show what it all means and that too without calling him a dyspeptic or any other hard names. In short, try to teach by parables instead of giving us bone-dust porridge and shingle-nail pudding.

* * *

After all, Cincinnati is not quite as black as it was painted by the Rev. Mr. Lockwood while speaking to the good people at the Pavilion recently. The board of the Centennial Exposition Commissioners have decided to close the exposition on Sundays, "not from a moral or religious point of view, but because it will be a violation of the laws of the state and country."

* * *

Dr. Wild on Sunday night last commented on the evidence of a witness who went before the Royal Labor Commission when in Toronto, and averred that a laboring man could be supplied with a wholesome meal for three-quarters of a cent. The learned Prophet said he would not care to make the experiment, but he thought a man could live well on ten cents a day, and that an experiment of this kind had been successfully tried on a large scale while he was in Brooklyn. So far, so good, Doctor; but I do wish you would call a meeting of the heads of the numerous charitable organizations of the city and explain your scheme to them. You contend a man can live well on ten cents a day. Very well, let us allow five cents over that, making fifteen cents, and any one will be pretty safe in going into the prophetic business and alleging that a fortune awaits the man or men who will open a restaurant in Toronto, where a man can live well on fifteen cents a day.

* * *

It has been suggested time and again that it would be cheaper in the long run for the citizens if the city would buy out such monopolies as the Street Car Company and the Gas Company. As the charter of the Street Car Company expires shortly, when the city may acquire the lines by purchase, there will, no doubt, be a spirited discussion as to whether the city can spare the capital that would be required. But if the money could be arranged for, it would undoubtedly be to the interest of the citizens to take over the lines, as there is no reason why the city should not run them as efficiently as a private company, while the profits could be expended in extending the lines and in reducing the fares.

* * *

And as to the gas business, it is said that the city of Berlin, Germany, owns the gas plant of the city, supplies the city with gas at a very low rate, lights all the streets of the city with gas, electricity, or oil; and yet, after paying all expenses, a handsome profit goes into the municipal treasury. Gas companies in America are evidently still making too much money. Philadelphia owns her own gas plant and has been offered a million dollars bonus for a lease of the works and lines, together with an agreement to give better and cheaper gas. The city itself has managed the works badly, but still finds it profitable to retain them.

* * *

Some of us think that political contests are pretty hot in Canada occasionally, but they are mild and gentle to what they have in the Southern States. In Louisiana, for instance, they are conducting a political campaign, and six murders have already been committed—the last victim leaving a wife and seven small children to the mercy of the world.

* * *

We are all struggling after original ideas, and I recently came across a description of what was at least a costly novelty, even if it was not exactly original. At a pleasant reception in New York to celebrate the sixty-first birthday of the hostess, one of the presents received was a cake four feet high, and decorated with sixty-one five dollar gold pieces. But better than all it transpired in due course that this was the husband's birthday gift to his wife. I might whisper to some husbands in Toronto, something to the effect that even if your wives are getting on in years, don't forget that a birthday gift, even if it be not as expensive as the one above described, will be treasured not so much for its intrinsic value, as for the loving thought which prompted the giving of it.

* * *

At the large public halls in New York the refreshments are served generally a la carte, and the waiter becomes a most important personage—so important, indeed, that if you want to get well served you must fee the gentleman in livery freely. This, of course, sometimes leads to comical incidents, one of which is related in the *Morning Journal*, and which is too good to be lost "What is the smallest tip you ever received?" was asked of a waiter. "Three cents," was the prompt reply. "and when I showed it to the gentleman, asking if he hadn't mistaken the value of the coin, he said he had. He took it back, coolly put it in his pocket, and walked away without giving me anything. He laughed and the lady who was with him laughed, too, but she came back in the supper-room half an hour afterwards and gave me a dollar. You see, the gentleman was very rich and she was engaged to him. They are married now, and what little money he saves by his small economies goes toward her allowance, which she spends with royal extravagance."

Chat From The 'Varsity.

On Friday evening after the conversazione, Messrs. J. A. Garvin and W. J. Healy entertained a few college friends, graduates and undergraduates, at the 'Varsity sanctum. A couple of hours were most enjoyably spent, the party breaking up shortly after two.

*

Notwithstanding the praise that has already been lavished on the Glee club of this year, the numerous compliments that were paid them on the evening of the conversat, and the excellence of their performance, show that they deserved it all. Most of the success is due to the leader, Mr. E. W. Schuch, who has spent considerable pains on the club. The material is generally to be found among so large a number of voices if on y i. is properly disciplined.

*

Mr. L. H. Bowerman, B.A., who went out to Australia last May, returning by the Suez Canal, writes from Mount Sinai. He expected to be in England about the beginning of February, where he will stay three weeks, and after spending a short time on the Continent will return to Canada about April. He will study law here.

*

Mr. Perry, of the graduating class of Knox College, preached recently at St. Andrew's church, Scarboro', and made a favorable impression. He will probably receive a call.

*

The Modern Language club will hold a public meeting within a few weeks, the date of which has not yet been definitely fixed. A programme of a thoroughly popular nature and of especial interest may be expected. Mr. H. J. Cody was the essayist at the last regular meeting.

*

Five platinum plates valued at $10, which the Mathematical society had in charge for their exhibition on Friday evening, and for which they are held responsible, have mysteriously disappeared.

*

A final meeting of the Conversazione committee was held on Tuesday. The report from the treasurer, Mr. J. W. Henderson, was incomplete, a large number of tickets not yet having been accounted for. It is probable that when all the money is collected the expenses, amounting to about $650, will be covered.

*

Is there to be any election? Will the nonhazing union try to run it on that ticket? Such are the questions that are beginning to interest the undergraduate body.

*

An inter-collegiate debate between Queen's and the 'Varsity will take place on the evening of Friday, February 24, in Convocation Hall, on the subject, Resolved, That the American system of government is superior to the British system. The debaters from Kingston are Messrs. Horsey and Paterson; Messrs. G. Waldron and T. A. Gibson are the 'Varsity's representatives. TOGA.

The Dude.

A little cane,
A high crowned hat,
A fixed expression
Rather flat.

A pointed shoe,
A scanty coat;
A stand up collar
Round his throat.

A gorgeous necktie,
Spreading wide;
A small mustache,
Nine on a side.

Arms at right angles,
Curved with ease,
A stilted walk
And shaky knees.

A languid drawl,
The "English" swing,
An air of knowing
Everything.

A vacant stare,
Extremely rude,
And there you have
The perfect dude.

Oddly enough, during the past week we have had Nancy as the heroine in both theatres—Nance Yeulett at the Grand, and Nancy Williams at the Toronto. There has been a surfeit of melo-drama this season, and both houses indicated the popular weariness of the tearful and tragic.

*

Hoodman Blind, at the Grand, is a strong play, well-mounted and with an excellent cast. But Mr. Frederick de Belleville is altogether too Frenchy for Jack Yeulett, and has neither the accent nor action which properly belong to The Green Biddy Farm. He is handsome, and is evidently cognizant of the fact, but he is inferior to Howarth, who first introduced us to the good-hearted, but jealous, swain. Miss Viola Allen, in the dual role of Nance and Jess, proved herself an actress of no mean ability. She is sweet and taking, and falls but slightly below the standard of excellence. The closing scene is an exceedingly strong one, and De Belleville's activity, which almost reaches intensity and the warmth of an audience prepared for tenderness and passion, make it very necessary, in order to have the finale as strong as the playwright intended it, to touch every heart-chord within the range of Nance's part. But when the little cripple who had been the companion of Jack's vicissitudes hobbles on the stage, Nance simply speaks her lines welcoming the poor boy to their home without a trace of tenderness; and she does not even reach out and touch the poor waif as she should in that moment of supreme happiness when she is fondling her own little boy. To put it more plainly, the little cripple got a step-mother's reception, and there was not a mother or father in the house who didn't notice it. Miss Viola Allen must study these things, for in the melo-drama it is hearts, not heads, that are being played at. The support was good.

*

Over at the Toronto, McKee Rankin has been giving us the Danites with a company which travels pretty light. The story of the play is too familiar to need description. The dialogue is full of nasal sounds, and the action loaded down with red-shirted supes rushing at the bar for drinks. This seems to be the popular idea of mining life in the far West. According to McKee Rankin's dressing, the mining gentlemen wear black pants, and talk through their noses. There is no doubt if the gentlemen of the pick and cradle insist on wearing tight-fitting store pants nobody would believe they were miners unless they had the conventional top boots and led us to understand their vocal organs were located in the upstairs of their noses. The melo-dramatic miner is governed by the same conventionalities as the traditional stage villain, who must slip around the furniture with a "stealthy and cat-like tread," and be in frequent whispered conference with the sub-assassin. In My Pardner, the most powerful and best presented Western play of this description, the nose business was always dragged in to a certain extent, but McKee Rankin overdoes it; and I would respectfully call his attention to the same, and to the fact that his shapeliness would be improved by the absence of some of the adipose tissue which makes his legs look very small in comparison with the size of his belt. When he talks sentiment he does it very prettily in the elephantine way it is intended. It is intelligible to the audience because they can tell what he is talking about, which is more than can be said of many of his lines addressed to some of the gentlemen who so frequently rushed at the bar to partake of refreshment.

*

The strength of the company and the play is not great, but it is effective, because every trifle that can be used to arouse the passions and sympathies is worked for all it is worth, and with the strong background of rough miners every good scene stands boldly out. Sandy's memory of his mother, his faithfulness to his friends, his kindly care of Nancy Williams, his supremacy amongst his comrades, his courage, strength and good-nature unite to make him a hero, and it is the knowledge of the human heart displayed by the author of the play which has made Rankin famous rather than his ability as an actor.

*

Miss Mabel Bert does not look quite so fresh and sprightly as she used to, but her Nancy Williams is as clever and touching as ever. It is a hard part, with never a touch of humor or gleam of hope to help make her interesting, and yet she has the undivided affection of the whole audience. Unlike the Nance of Hoodman Blind her womanly nature shines out all the time; she bends tenderly over the cradle of his baby, she clings lovingly though forlornly to the wife of the man she loves and tears start in spite of one's self as she goes down into the valley of the shadow pursued by the destroying angel. Miss Viola Allen is a better all-round actress than Miss Mabel Bert, but she has not yet learned to touch the affections of an audience as can the "last of the doomed family."

*

The Hulda Brown of Miss Blanche Mortimer was in many respects an excellent performance, but plush jackets and frequent changes of dress do not harmonize with mining camps. I have had the misfortune to have been in a good many mining camps, and I never saw anyone come there to teach school; and as the play-bill says, she "was the first good woman in camp," one is somewhat puzzled to know what material she expected to find to make a school out of. That is not her fault, but drab plushes and dainty dressmaking are not in order in Howling Wilderness Gulch. The red merino wrapper and the white collar and cuffs were much more in keeping with her surroundings and quite pretty enough.

*

But like the everlasting testimonial which is being presented, "not for its intrinsic value, but for the sentiment which it is intended to convey," plays of this sort will always be wonderfully popular. The hero is always one of nature's noblemen, and the heroine thoroughly a woman—a good woman—a woman above reproach. These plays will not always be presented to crowded orchestra chairs, but the family circle and the galleries will applaud them with a vigor which shows what an intense hold the ideal of unostentatious goodness has taken on the hearts of the masses.

*

The latest novelty in sensational stage business is introduced by Joseph J. Dowling in the third act of his play Never Say Die, which appears next week at the Toronto Opera House. *The Cincinnati Enquirer* says: It is a wonderful realistic leap into what appears from the stage to be East river, New York. The scene exhibits the great Brooklyn bridge, and in the distance loom up the wharves and houses on the Brooklyn side. The bridge and houses show a myriad of lights, and one can almost imagine himself standing on the docks at New York. There is a series of sensational incidents in the act. The dark river, in which is reflected the lights of the bridge and the sleeping city beyond, is suggestive of horrible crimes, of midnight murders and robberies in that lonely place, frequented only by the scum of humanity. In the play a villain throws a young girl in the illusionary river, and she splashes in the water, struggling desperately to save herself. Then the hero comes along, throws off his coat and leaps high in the air, and sinks beneath the water. He rises with the drowning girl in his arms, both dripping wet and seemingly exhausted. The audience, carried away by the vividness of the scene, applauds vociferously, and the curtain, which has been lowered on the thrilling climax, is raised and the hero and heroine, wrapped in blankets, bow their thanks.

*

The very welcome announcement is made that the popular Duff Comic Opera company of eighty people—artists, chorus, ballet and grand orchestra, together with all the original scenery—three magnificent sets—and Mr. Duff's original Dorothy company from the New York Standard will appear at the Grand Opera House on Monday, February 20, producing the latest comic opera, Dorothy. In the cast are Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Agnes Stone, Miss Marie Halton, Miss Rose Leighton, Mr. Eugene Oudin, Mr. John Brand, Mr. Wm. Hamilton, Mr. John Nash, Mr. Frank Boudinot, and the famous English comedian, Mr. Harry Paton. There will be a chorus of fifty, and for the first time in comic opera a dancing ballet, and a pack of genuine fox hounds as a realistic background to a fox hunt. The music of Dorothy, by Alfred Cellier, is, according to the New York papers, melodious, tuneful, and easily acquired by the audience. It will be placed upon the stage of the Grand Opera House in Mr. Duff's usual elaborate manner.

*

Miss Lillian Russell, the handsome prima donna of the Duff Opera Company, wears in the second act of Dorothy on Monday night at the Grand Opera House, a dress covered with Spanish lace and precious stones; it it were of solid gold it would not be so valuable.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Roland Reed is now playing the principal part in David D. Lloyd's American comedy called A Woman Hater.

When Booth and Barrett play in San Francisco Senator Fair has offered $10,000 for the house for one night for a private theater party.

Booth and Barrett will give a dramatic festival in Louisville, Ky., May 10, 11 and 12. It will be held at the Exposition building.

Rosa M. Leland is engaged in another generous act. She and Joseph K. Emmet have arranged to give the Press club of Albany a testimonial at the Leland Opera House.

Mrs. Langtry told Maurice Barrymore that he did not know his lines. He replied that he knew them well enough to support her. He leaves the company. Maurice doesn't take any back talk.

The last *Century* magazine contains an article (On the Stage) that is very interesting, but about as correct as such magazine articles usually are. It is very funny to see the cut, where all the members of the same company are putting their "make-up" on in the "green-room."

Kiralfy is organizing a second company to do Mazulm in Cuba and Mexico this spring. They have had no ballet there in many years. Kiralfy's company will number about one hundred people. He is also organizing a big spectacle called Nero for Staten Island in June, and announces that he will have nearly 2,000 people in it.

The rehearsals of La Tosca, with Fanny Davenport and her company, are now actively progressing. The scene-painters are also at work and are getting up a cathedral for the first act, a palace in Rome for the second, a villa near Rome for the third, a house interior for the fourth, a prison for the fifth and the battlements of the city for the sixth, from which La Tosca Davenport will plunge to her death.

Erminie still runs along at the New York Casino as it did in its first hundred. Judging from the houses, few would believe that the operetta will soon be in its first thousand. At present little is being left undone by Manager Rudolph Aronson for the seven-hundredth-night celebration (Feb. 29). The Casino on that occasion will have a gala appearance. Even the stage will be handsomely decorated. The pink ballroom scene is to be festooned with smilax and roses, and the pillars are to be entwined with flowers. The souvenirs are to be inclosed in huge parchment envelopes tied with vari-colored ribbons which, when opened, will disclose a bright picture, painted on pink satin, of the gavotte as danced by handsome little children.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has begun a series of matinee revivals of past successes. The first of these was Hamlet. It is Mr. Wilson Barrett's distinction to have discovered a new, but withal, very plausible Hamlet, undreamt of in the philosophy of any of the numerous commentators on the bard. This is virtually a boy Hamlet instead of the philosopher of thirty who has hitherto strutted and fretted upon the stage. Hamlet's extreme youth explains a good deal that has hitherto been obscure in the accepted rendering of the play, more especially the king's passion for Hamlet's mother, who, according to this new reading becomes an attractive matron of forty or under, instead of the venerable old lady whose philanderings have hitherto been one of the startling problems of Shakespearean criticism. Naturally Mr. Wilson Barrett's theories have been scornfully rejected in certain quarters, for we are a conservative people, but the new Hamlet is interesting and ought to be seen. Miss Eastlake's Ophelia happens also to be very good, her madness being a very intense bit of realism in the best sense of that much abused word.

Ladies who in matters of dress are apt to consider a breach of the tenth commandment a venial offense, may be excused if they feel a little envious of the wardrobe which Mme. Patti is about to take with her to South America. It is contained in forty-four enormous stage trunks, a number which, considering the natural weakness of women for such impediments, and the fact that the exigencies of opera often demand a frequent change of costume, is perhaps not altogether excessive. The three dresses for La Traviata alone cost nearly one thousand pounds sterling. The fees of a modern operatic prima donna are high, and the axiom must always be borne in mind that in feminine eyes the costumes and the jewels worn by the leading artist are by no means the least interesting feature of the stage show. Mme. Patti, accordingly, takes to Buenos Ayres no fewer than sixty principal robes, each, we are assured, a masterpiece of the art. During her recent flying visit to Paris, Mme Patti was occupied during two whole days in trying these dresses on, and it is easy to believe that they were two days of consummate and unalloyed happiness.

Singers of Sacred Songs.

In our collection of singers this week we insert a portait of Miss Harrita M. Cheney, who conducted the concert recently given in

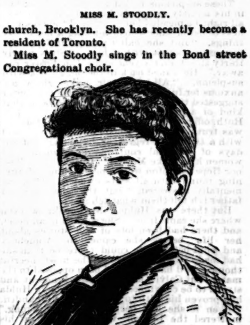
MISS CHENEY.

the Pavilion, in aid of the House of Providence. Miss Cheney is a very cultured singer, and was formerly a soloist in Henry Ward Beecher's

MISS M. STOODLY.

church, Brooklyn. She has recently become a resident of Toronto.

Miss M. Stoodly sings in the Bond street Congregational choir.



MISS ANNIE ELLIOT.

Miss Annie Elliot is one of the soprano singers of St. Michael's. In complexion she is a brunette, and her affability and pleasant manner makes her a favorite in the choir and out of it.

Someone says "A dollar goes further now than it used to." Yes, and considerably quicker.

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a 'Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WIDOWER'S SOLILOQUY—ALL WOMEN HAIN'T LIKE "MARIER."

When he left his family in tears and consternation the Deacon determined to have the whole thing, wedding and all, settled promptly and with as little opportunity for discussion as possible. The thought of Ruth's whispered words and the memory of her sweet smile warmed his blood and he sat up straight in his buggy, slapped his horse with the lines and began to hum a lively air which had been adapted to a hymn. The afternoon was drawing to a close but it struck him as being perhaps a trifle early to make his visit. Willing to enjoy his thoughts for a while and prepare himself for the proper conduct of his suit he turned aside from the direct road and reckoned to drive around for an hour before reaching the "town-line."

As he drove slowly along he thought over the events of the afternoon and what his family and everybody else would say. Of course there would be talk and some folks might laugh at him for marrying a young girl, but what need he care? "Not that!" he cried snapping his fingers, and forgetting that he had a family with claims on his means. "If there's any great talk I kin sell out the farm inteh town lots and g'way an live in a city and take it easy along 'ith her."

"Her! Her! Along 'ith her!"

This idea started him picturing to himself his life with Ruth in some city where people would know nothing of their history and could make no remarks. "She'd like it an' it'd be easier in she's used to an' she'd like me all th' more fer makin's lady av'er! We kin he'v a nice house an' a coal stove, an' sit an' talk an' go out an see the sights an' he'p her spend her money as any one else. An' if I haint got no chores ner worry I'll feel better an' live longer!

The Deacon took off his hat and ran his hand through his scanty hair: "The people won't notice much dif'rence in us; I hain't old lookin' and him move round just as spry as the next one; an' if I git on city clothes, I'll be slicker 'n most th' young fellows that's been sportin' 'round her."

This again led to another thought. How was it she had never married any of the gay boys who used to take her out driving and paid her so much court? In another and less distinct form this question had bothered him before. When he had thought of trying to marry her it struck him as a very daring idea, in view of the score of younger suitors who had wooed in vain. He had thought of many of them, young, attractive and prosperous, and had wondered how, if they failed, he could hope to win. His daughters used to speak of the beaux of Ruth Gilbert, and laugh about her having kept company with nearly every young man in the neighborhood. Particular instances came to his mind: Young sports whose reputations were none of the best—drivers of fast horses and livers of fast lives, or such as pass for fast lives in country places. How reckless of her reputation she must have been to be seen with such men! Could it be—— The Deacon almost stopped his horse with the nervous jerk he gave the lines as the suspicion darted through his mind. "No! no! it can't be thet she's fast!" he muttered nervously, as he clutched the lines between his knees and lifted his hat with one hand while he mopped the cold sweat from his forehead with the other.

The oftener he turned the thought over in his mind the harder it became to account for the fact that she had married none of her lovers—perhaps none of them would have her when they found out what kind of a girl she was. She must have been anxious to marry or she would not have accepted him so quickly! The Deacon was vain enough, but egotism could not carry him over the obvious fact that she had had many lovers who were much more likely mates for a girl than he was. "Then it must a' bin their fault, not her'n, thet she didn't marry," he argued, as he again grasped the lines with his knees and mopped the sweat of fear from his wrinkled brow, "an' she snapped at th' chance uv marrin' me as if she'd never had a chance afore an' never 'spected to agin!" Surely there must have been something wrong!

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the Deacon, straightening out the lines which had become entangled with the shafts, "she had so many teh choose from thet she missed th' best chances, an' hed teh take up with a crooked stick at last." He grinned uneasily at the idea of calling himself a crooked stick, but could not recover his mental equilibrium. "There was that Foster. She went with him, off an' on fer years, till he hed teh run away teh git out 'a a woman scrape."

He remembered one night coming home from town he had overtaken Foster's rig, the horse going at a slow walk, and the occupants of the buggy were close together apparently making love and talking in whispers. This unpleasant recollection almost maddened the jealous old man, and called up still another episode of a similar kind. The schoolmaster who had been dismissed by the trustees for improper conduct with one of his scholars, had been one of Ruth's admirers and courters, and he had seen them out driving together.

These suspicions would not be quieted; but in his anxiety to satisfy himself that she was all right he pleaded her youth and the recklessness of her brother who never taught her better things. "But she hain't young," insisted the tormenting spirit within him. "She's nearly thirty and it ain't a year since Jim Foster ran away." He leaned back in the buggy sick with suspicion. "All gurls air alike—giddy an' anxious fer fun," he thought, but his tormentor suggested that "Marier" had never been that kind of a girl. "But she wa'n't lively like Ruth, offen as I wished she hed bin." But she was truth itself, his conscience told him, and with a twinge of regret, as he thought of the days of youthful courting, he sighed, "all women hain't like Marier." But Lou nor Bess nor Hope Campton would never think of running round with all sorts of men. "No," he mentally answered, "but they had a strict father teh tell them what teh do."

But there was Hulda. No one knew even where she came from. She worked in an hotel, and there had been lots of bad stories about her life before she came to Aspleboro and what better wife could there be than she had made Calvin? This was the most cheerful thought he'd had. He had been opposed to the match, but Calvin had been too innocent and stupid to be convinced, and sure enough Hulda had proven his faith to save been well founded. "Even if she had been jilly an' did wrong," muttered the Deacon, with a wrench at his heart and a tearing of his pride, "tain't no sign she wouldn't make me a good wife. They'd better her their'n fling afore they're married than afterwards."

He had reduced himself to a belief that she had not been just what she ought to have been, and he now set about convincing himself that women of that kind make the best wives. But on this line he could find no comfort. Half a dozen instances suggested themselves of gad-abouts who had married nice men and had cut up in such a way as to have stories about them afterwards.

And why not Ruth? suspicion enquired. "Why not?" moaned the Deacon, who by this time was utterly miserable. "Why not her?" His distempered mind began to paint pictures of his future with Ruth as his wife. What could a beautiful and fun-loving girl find in him to content her? What company would he be for a girl who had gone to dances and had sung at entertainments and "doin's" in all the churches and school-houses for ten miles around? What would she have married him for? To cloak her carryings-on with other men? The shame and misery of that thought revenged his pour dead wife for many a pang she had suffered.

No, Ruth was not that bad; even the demoralized Deacon knew better, but the poison of the suspicion left another sore. Perhaps she had reckoned that the president of the railroad was going to buy his farm and build a town on it, and she was marrying him for his money. "I'll fool her on that," he thought, savagely jerking his horse's mouth to bring him back to the road from which he had strayed during his master's soliloquy. "I could stand that, but not her actin' up with other men!" On questions of finance, he felt he would have Ruth at his mercy, and it mattered little what she expected or he would have to promise; he could fix that. Even this slight consolation, however, did not remain with him, for he knew Ruth had been courted by richer men than he was. So it came back to the racking questions to which he could find no answer.

It suggested itself to him that there was still time for him to retreat. He had made no promise, and rather than suffer another hour like the one through which he had just passed he would live a widower the rest of his days. But he had declared himself to his family, and the preacher, and the Mr Taggerts, and, worst of all, to Frank Gaylor. If he should quit, everybody would laugh at him. However, he had not told her name, and there were other women, "safe ones, too, I kin jilt." But Ruth was so lovely there could be no one like her.

"Hullo, Dee-kin, air yeh goin' or stoppin'?" chirped Uncle Abe Snifflledecker from his gate.

The Deacon in his confusion stammered out, "Oh, is that you Brother Gaylor?"

"I guess mebby 'tis, Dee-kin. Don't I look natural?"

"I—I was thinkin' seh hard when yeh spoke teh me, it kinder took me onexpected like."

"Yeh must a'bin thinkin' fer quite a spell th' way yeh bin comin'. Seems like's if yeh'd bin in sight an hour. I hed teh take a sight along th' tree yander teh see if yeh was movin' or hed got stuck."

"I was thinkin' out a passage of skripter an' the like, an kinder forgot where I wuz."

Uncle Abe knew better. When Frank followed the Deacon out of the old red gate and saw him turn on to the river road, he knew he would have to pass his father, and so hurried forward by another way, and had easily induced the inquisitive old man to lie in wait for the slow moving lover, and find out where he was going.

"So I guessed, Dee-kin! Tryin' teh find out if t'was skripteral teh get married agin, wan't yeh now?" laughed Uncle Abe, his eye twinkling through the comical little fold of skin that made his wrinkled face look so cunning.

The Deacon reddened but he was too full of his thoughts to dodge the question. "Mebbe I wuz. Yer gen'ly a tol'ble good guesser."

"How'ye gittin' along cousin' Hope Campton teh hev yeh?" inquired Uncle Abe, bluntly, as he leaned over the buggy wheel and looked up into the Deacon's face.

"I haint tryin' no sich thing. I took yer advice an' gin it up," replied the Deacon in sulky confusion.

"Who yeh after now?"

Full of doubts and conflicting impulses, the opportunity to ask advice was tempting and the Deacon would have accepted it at once had it not been that he felt convinced Uncle Abe had betrayed his former confidences to his son Frank.

"I can't speak free teh yeh now like I could onc't, Brother Gaylor, seein's yeh told Frank an' all on 'em 'bout what I said 'teh yeh that day out'n the barn."

"Yer wrong, Dee-kin," protested Uncle Abe, vigorously. "I never told a soul. If Frank's told anything it's be'n what he guessed, not nothin' I told. I hope I may drop!" This asseveration and the dire consequences he called down upon himself in case of untruth convinced the Deacon that Uncle Abe was telling the truth.

"Yeh'll never tell who it is if I ask yer advice agin?" queried the Deacon, nervously.

"Never! A yoke of wild bulls couldn't drag nuthin' out a' me when I say I won't."

"What kind of a gurl is Ruth Gilbert?" asked the Deacon with downcast eyes and uncertain voice.

"Who?—Who?" cried Uncle Abe who, having been told that the Deacon bragged about having been accepted, calculated that the question would be about the woman most concerned.

"You hain't ast her teh hev yeh?"

"Why not?" demanded the Deacon, looking up sharply at his friend.

"Why, dam it, man, she's less likely teh hev yeh than even Hope wus!"

Ruth was Uncle Abe's special favorite. When they got together as was frequently the case, jokes and pranks of all kinds were the invariable results, and many a time had Uncle Abe told his spouse in the presence of many witnesses, that Ruth was his choice for a second wife. Mrs. Gaylor loved Ruth, and no amount of gossip could shake her faith or the faith of her husband in the absolute and superlative goodness of their pet. The suggestion of her union with Adoniram Jones seemed to Uncle Abe like sacrilege and caused him to back-slide to the extent of a naughty word.

"Is she?" remarked the Deacon, with considerable dignity. "I didn't ast yeh what my chances air, fer I know that; I ast what yeh think of my choice."

The Deacon had gathered up his lines as if to drive on, and Uncle Abe stood back from the buggy brushing the sleeves of his coat, which had been resting on the wheels, as he angrily replied:

"Think uvver! I think she's a danged sight too good fer you, but if she marries yeh I'll think she hain't any better'n she ought teh be, an' thet fer onct I've bin mistook in a woman!"

"Good evening, Brother Gaylor!" replied the Deacon icily, as he looked back. "Yer langwidge surprises me, an' I may heff to bring it afore the church!"

The Deacon felt greatly comforted by Uncle Abe's good opinion of Ruth, though personally he resented his expression of her superiority to himself.

Uncle Abe stood for a moment looking at the rapidly disappearing Deacon, and then with a burst of unaccustomed fury and profanity, clenched his fist and muttered to himself:

"The dam old hipperkrit! If he gits Ruth, I'll be one teh help tar an' feather the old skunk!"

(To be Continued.)

Never Call it Loving.

Unless you can think, when then song is done,
No other is sweet in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by one,
That all men are worth him;
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,
That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can answer—"For life, for death"—
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is lost,
Through behoving and unbehoving:
Unless you can die when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

A Drenching.

Bobby—Didn't you have an umbrella with you last night, Mr. Featherly?
Mr. Featherly—Umbrella? Why, it didn't rain last night.
"Funny," remarked Bobby, dismissing the subject as of no special importance. "I heard pa tell ma that he saw you about 'leven o'clock last night, and that you were pretty well soaked."

A Tramp's Touch of Conscience.

First Tramp—Folks don't think how much good a little kindness can do a poor man.

Second Tramp—No, they don't; they think we ain't got no conscience.

"We have, though. I saw a fine new coal scuttle on a farmer's back porch, where I got my supper last night, an' I was thinkin' how easy it would be to leave the barn early an' take the new scuttle along so as to trade it off for whiskey, when the farmer, says he: 'I won't ask no man to sleep in the hay such weather as this; you kin sleep in the kitchen,' says he."

"He did?"

"That's so. Well, pard, that went right to my he'rt, an' when I sneaked out last night I carried this 'ere bag full of provisions and a couple of watches and all the money I could find, but I left the coal scuttle."—*Omaha World.*

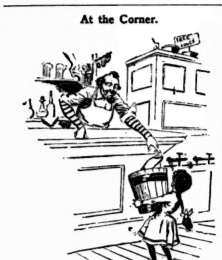
The Start is the Victory.

So you want to borrow $500 to start on? If you only had $500 capital, you have a chance now to establish a business that will grow into thousands, and perhaps millions, eh? All that you need is the start, is it? Well, my son, I don't know about investing $500 in you until you have invested something in yourself. I want to see you trot one heat, anyhow, before I decide whether you are safe to back. Listen to me, my son; the man who makes $500 business grow into thousands and perhaps millions, always gets the $500. Always. Here, I'll tell you how I'd do it if I had you. I'll give you a dollar. Now, the man who can make millions out of five hundred can easily make five hundred out of one. Good-by, my boy, good-by. Don't work too hard if you don't want to get rich. And remember, son, the man who has to have another man's capital to start on, usually spends all his life working for the other man. Start yourself, my boy. It will be easy work if you're going down hill.—*Burdette.*

Overheard in an Art Room.

Two youths stand contemplating a nude:
"Ah, one of the old masters."
"Not at all, dear boy, one of the old mistresses."—*Topics.*

At the Corner.



Miss Flanagan—Me father wants two cints' wort o' beer, Mister Snifflledecker.

At Home.

Mr. Flanagan (who has been in this position five minutes)—Joggle th' flure, Katy. It's startin' t' lave th' bottom o' th' pail.

Amigo Mio.

Who is my friend, I wonder,
Amid life's calm and thunder—
Who is my friend? I ask.
Wears he a mask of iron,
His features to environ,
Or is his face a mask?

How shall I gauge his fealty,
How answer for his loyalty,
While shines the sun o'erhead?
When storms my journey darken,
Then will he hear and hearken,
Or turn away instead?

In sunshine, and the glamour
Of day-dreams that enamour
The warm life we respire,
We cannot find a failing
In friendship worth bewailing—
It burns a constant fire.

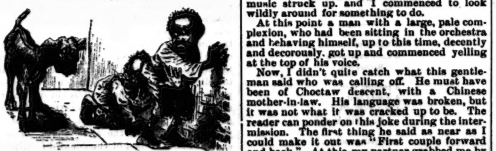
And in his eyes Elysian
Reflected, Faith's fair vision
A sapphire star doth gleam,
Dropped from Love's sweeping pinion,
A shaft of Love's dominion,
Th' immortal of a dream.

But should the vaulted heaven
Darken in clouded even,
And deepen into night,
Will hands that sought my own hand'
Still grasp me in that lone land,
Where Faith usurpeth sight?

Friend, if I ask such question,
No pessimist's suggestion,
Is cradled in my verse.
Thine is the warm south weather,
Yet we are one—together
For better and for worse!

This clime of fog and vapor,
With Hope our only taper,
To guide us to the Spring,
And thy fair home sun-vernal,
With radiance sempiternal,
And light in everything.

These are as poles asunder;
Yet Love, the child of Wonder,
Accepts our varied lot,
As though some sweet instalance
Pervaded all the distance,
And would not be forgot.



The Wool Growers' Demand for Protection.

How It Seemed to Him.

"Look here, Mr. Crisp," said he as he entered the shop of his shoemaker, "did you ever hear the saying that a shoemaker should stick to his last?"

"Yes, sir, quite frequently."

"Don't you think that it is pretty good advice?"

"Most assuredly, and I have always tried to follow it."

"You have! I suppose I must be mistaken then."

"Why?"

"I was under the impression that you had abandoned the last and made that pair of shoes I got last week over a smoothing-iron."

"Cabriolet" Learns to Dance.

Of late years I have done very little in the way of dancing. When I go out in a crowd I am usually very much in the way of dancing—so much so that my awkwardness and I have to walk sadly out of the room, hand in hand, before the waltz can proceed.

During my early boyhood and once or twice after I had staked off the ground plan for a moustache, a member of my parental delegation led me out to the woodshed and taught me a few simple steps which would do in any sort of society. I danced these steps easily and spontaneously, after which pa put down the club and went sadly into the house a wiser and a happier man. I did not beslege father to let me look at his card and put my name down on all the vacant dances he had.

So it came that after I grew up and could take the last biscuit on the table without having dancing school with my parents, I was an entire stranger to that mild form of labor known as dancing. At a social event of any kind I paste myself against the wall or look through the album at Uncle Zeke and Aunt Samantha and Cousin Jake, and critically compare them to see which has the most freckles or the most hopeless instance of mouth. But last week, I went to a party where there was a large assortment of pretty girls, and they said I had to dance. I told them that I could not dance any more than an adverb, and that I was liable to step on the orchestra and kick the stopper out of the bass viol. They simply said, "How funny!" and led me into an adjoining room, where there was a set being formed. They explained that we were going to dance a quadrille, and that all I had to do was to look pleasant and do everything that anybody else did. I promised I would, and then a girl on the right broke the contract first thing by backing up to a pier glass and straightening her bustle.

While we were waiting my partner told me that a quadrille was a square dance. I was relieved to hear this. I wanted it to be a square dance—no funny business going on. Then the music struck up, and I commenced to look wildly around for something to do.

At this point, a man with a large, pale complexion, who had been sitting in the orchestra and behaving himself, up to this time, decently and decorously, got up and commenced yelling at the top of his voice.

Now, I didn't quite catch what this gentleman said who was calling off. He must have been of Choctaw descent, with a Chinese mother-in-law. His language was broken, but it was not what it was cracked up to be. The reader can ponder on his joke during the intermission. The first thing he said to me I could make it out was "First couple forward and back." At this my partner grabbed me by the hand and led me up to the middle of the room, where the couple who had been facing us were standing by the time we got there. As soon as we arrived, they didn't seem to care to associate with us, and went back to the spot wherein they started from. We got lonesome after they left, and a little huffy, and went back, too. I turned around and walked away with my back to the middle of the room, whereupon all the girls again said they should die, oh they knew they should. My partner told me to choose, not walk.

The caller said Secungruppelfordnback, and then the members of society at our right and left respectively, hooped up to each other, grinned in strict tempo, and after having no better success than we had had, went back to the corners for the next round. Our caller kept up his hilarious flow of animal spirits out in the hall, and I think perhaps he had previously had a flow of vegetable ones.

The quadrille proceeded nicely after this. I caught the spirit of the music and shifted my weight from one bunion onto another in time with the music with some picturesqueness. We went through a good many capers which I could not understand, but which I am going to look up in the dictionary. The caller said something in a high key, whereupon my girl left me and rushed over to the fellow across the room in a brazen manner, but his girl made up for it by coming over and catching hold of my hands. Both of them got sick of the bargain in a second and came sheepishly back. Then the caller yelled out Ballunzall! and after tottering a few minutes by herself each girl seized hold of her partner's hands in a sweet, leap year manner and commenced to play ring around the rosy bush with him. I liked this part, for it gave me an opportunity to let my girl know that I was not permanently estranged because she had left me and gone over to the other fellow because his necktie had more freckles on it than mine.

The delirious citizen in the hall who was trying to run everything yelled Granritelelef, and then the entire crowd commenced circusing around in a circle, and shaking hands with each other for an instant, only to drop it a second later with a haughty expression of dissatisfaction and go on to the next party. Then the caller interpolated Promenade all, and we all did.

I have written up the above in a breezy style on purpose to conceal the heartache I felt at being dragged around various localities of a quadrille by a young lady. Part of the time I was on my knees and part of the time I was flying around in the air like the old boy in a gang of kids playing crack the whip. I don't know whether I danced the quadrille or whether it danced me, but I was thoroughly played out.—*Cabriolet, to Texas Siftings.*

Jack and I.

I was so tired of Jack, poor boy,
And Jack was tired of me;
Most-longed-for sweets will soonest cloy;
Fate had been kind, and we,
Two foolish spendthrift hearts, madly waste
Of life's best gifts with eager haste."

Oh! tired we were. Time seems so long
When everything goes well!
The walls of home rose grim and strong;
Like prisoners in a cell
We clanked our marriage chain, and pined
For freedom we had left behind.

Tired, tired of love and peace were we
Of every day's calm bliss!
We had our coal to win, since he
Was mine, and I was his;
And so we sighed in mute despair,
And wished each other anywhere.

But sorrow came one day—the pain
Of Death's dark, awful fear;
Oh, our love came to life again:
Then each to each was dear;
It seemed that life could nothing lack,
While Jack had me and I had Jack.

Madeline S. Bridges.

A Base Deception.

Algernon—Can I see your father alone, dear? I want to ask him something.

Clara (tenderly)—Certainly, Algy!

Algernon retires to the study, sees the old gentleman, and in a few minutes returns to the parlor feeling much better, but Clara is still in the market.

Where the Cat Jumps!

614 and 616

QUEEN ST. WEST

CALL AND SEE

SPRIGINGS

G. W. TICKELL & CO.

Furniture Manufacturers

Our Stock being entirely new, consists of the latest of our own productions besides the choice of the principal markets. New designs in

SIDEBOARDS,
CHAMBER SUITES
AND
HALL RACKS

For the Upholstered Goods Department

We have obtained Skilful Workmen and will make it a study to manufacture only reliable, artistic and comfortable Furniture.

Will take pleasure in showing visitors through our new Establishment.

The Largest, Finest and best lighted Furniture Show Rooms in the city.

G. W. TICKELL & CO.

108 and 110 KING ST. WEST

NEARLY OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE, FEW DOORS EAST. y

TORONTO

Steam Laundry

106 YORK STREET

LATE

54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

Has removed to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, 106 York Street, a few doors north of King Street.

G. P. SHARPE.

VAGABONDIA:

A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Moaning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH WE HOLD COUNSEL.

It was a nondescript sort of a room, taking it altogether. A big, sunny room, whose once handsome papering and cornicing had grown dingy and questionable, and whose rich carpeting had lost its color and pile in places, and yet asserted its superiority to its surroundings with an air of lost grandeur in every huge, shabby medallion. There were pictures in abundance on the walls, and more than one of them were gems in their way, despite the ample evidence all there to being the work of amateurs. The tables were carved elaborately, and the faded, brocaded chairs were of the order pouf and as inviting as they were disreputable in appearance. There was manuscript music among the general litter, a guitar hung from the wall by a tarnished blue and silver ribbon and a violin lay on the piano, and yet, notwithstanding the air of free and easy disorder, one could hardly help recognizing a sort of vagabond comfort and luxury in the Bohemian surroundings. It was so very evident that the owners must enjoy life in an easy, light-hearted, though, perhaps, light-headed fashion, and it was also so very evident that their light hearts and light heads rose above their knowledge of their light purses.

They were congregated together now, holding a grand family council around the center table, and Dolly was the principal feature as usual; and, embarrassing as the subject of said council was, not one of them looked as if it was other than a most excellent joke that Dolly, having been invited into the camps of the Philistines, should find she had nothing to put on to grace the occasion.

"And as to Dolly—well, that young person stood in the midst of them in her shabby, Frenchy little hat, slapping one pink palm with her shabby, shapely, little kid glove, her eyes alight, her comical dismay and amusement displaying itself even in the very arch of her brows.

"And so the Philistine leader pounced upon me herself," she was saying, "and you know the 'Ark,' Phil! Well they were all in the Ark—the Rev. Bilberry in front, and the boys and girls filling up the corners; so you may imagine the effect produced when they stopped, and Lady Augusta bent over the side to solemnly proclaim her intention of inviting me to partake of coffee and cream on Friday night, with an air of severely wondering whether I would dare to say 'No!'

"Why didn't you say it?" said Aimee, "You know it will be an awful bore, Dolly. Those Bilberry clan gatherings always are. You have said so yourself often enough."

"Of course I have," returned Dolly. "And of course it will be, but it would be dreadfully indiscreet to let the Bilberry element know I thought so. The Bilberry set much closed against us, where is our respectability, and Phil's chance of success among the Philistines? It is bad enough, of course, but there is reason to be thankful that I am the only victim. The rest of you would be sure to blunder into the B. B. B.'s (meaning the Bilberry black books), and that would be an agreeable state of affairs. Toinette, look at Tod, he is sitting in the coal-box eating Phil's fusees."

In Toinette we find Mrs. Phil, a handsome creature, young enough to have been in the school-room, but with the face and figure of a Greek goddess, and a pair of eyes lovely enough to hand down a memory for half-a-dozen a lifetime; and as to the rest an inconsistent, glorious young madcap, whose beauty and spirit seemed only at variance with her household arrangements, and whose son and heir, in the person of the enterprising Tod (an abbreviate of Theodore), was the source of unlimited domestic enjoyment and the object of much indiscreet adoration. It was just like Philip Crewe, this marrying on probabilities; and it was equally like the rest of them to accept the state of affairs as an excellent joke, and regard the result as an exquisite piece of pleasantry. Toinette was another Dolly, careless, whimsical, unworldly addition to the family circle, and enjoyed her position as thoroughly as the rest did; and as to Tod, what a delicate satire upon respectabilities Tod was, and how tranquilly he comported himself under a regime which admitted of free access into dangerous places, and a lack of personal restraint which allowed him all the joys the infantile mind can revel in.

At Dolly's exclamation Toinette rushed at him in his stronghold, and extricated him from the coal box with demonstrations of dismay.

"Look at his white dress!" she wailed pathetically. "I only put it on a few minutes ago; and he has eaten two dozen fusees, if this wasn't an empty box when he found it. I hope they won't disagree with him, Phil."

"They won't," said Phil, composedly. "Nothing does. Dust him and proceed to business. I want to hear the rest of Dolly's story."

"I think," said Mollie, "that we are Shem and Ham this morning, for I could only find Japheth after he had been playing with his Noah's ark. Go on, Dolly."

"Wait until I have taken off my things," said Dolly, "and then we'll talk it over. "We must talk it over, you know, I am so—so—"

She took off her hat—a pretty, Frenchy hat—with an air, despite its shabbiness, as I have said, and th n she laid her shawl aside—a little scarlet shawl, draped about her figure and tossed over one shoulder smartly, and by no meansungracefully—and so stood revealed; and it must be admitted she was worth looking at. Not a beauty, but a fresh, wholesome little body, with a real complexion, a wondrous abundance of hair, and large lined, wide-awake eyes, changeable as to color, because capricious in expression; the sort of girl, in fact, who would be likely to persuade people ultimately that, considering circumstances, absolute beauty could be easily dispensed with, and, upon the whole, would rather detract from the general charm of novelty, which, in her case, reigned supreme. And it must be confessed that Dolly herself had a theory on this subject.

"It isn't the mere fact of being a beauty that makes women popular," she used to say; "it's the being able to persuade people that you are one—or better than one. Don't some historians tell us that Cleopatra had red hair and questionable eyes, and yet she managed to blind the world so completely that no one is sure whether it is true or not, and to this day the generality of people are inclined to believe that it was her supernatural beauty that dragged Marc Antony to the dust at her feet."

Aimee's face was twice as perfect as Dolly's; Mollie's was far more imposing, child as she was; Toinette threw her far into the shade in themanner of statuesque splendor; but still it was Dolly who did all the impossible things, and had divers tragic adventures with questionable adorers, whose name was legion, and who were a continual source of rejoicing and entertainment to the family.

Having tossed hat and shawl on to the table, among the manuscript music, paints, a brush and palettes, this young person slipped into the most comfortable chair near the fire, and having waited for the rest to seat themselves proceeded to open the council. Mollie, who was sixteen, large, fair, beautiful, and not as tidy as she might have been, dropped into a not ungraceful position at her feet. Aimee, who was a little maiden with a tender, spiritualle face, and all the forethought of the family, sat near, with some perplexity in her expression. Toinette and Tod posed in the low nursery chair—the girl's firm, white arm flung around the child—swung lightly to and fro, fit models for an artist, incongruous as their surroundings were.

"You would make a first-class picture—the lot of you," commented Phil, amicably.

"Never mind the picture," said Mollie, drawing her disreputable slippers up under her voluminous wrapper. "We want to hear how Dolly thinks of going to the Bilberry's. Oh, Dolly, how heavenly it would be if you had a turquoise-blue satin—"

"Heavenly!" interrupted Dolly. "I should think it would. Particularly celestial for Lady Augusta, who looks mahogany-colored in it, and particularly celestial for a young relation from Vagabondia. It would be as much as my reputation was worth. She would never forgive me. You must be disgusted, Mollie."

"There is some consolation in knowing you can't get it," said Toinette. "You won't be obliged to deny yourself or be indiscreet. But what are you going to wear, Dolly?"

"That is for the council to decide," Dolly returned, comfortably. "First, we must settle on what we want, and then we must settle on the way to get it."

"Other people go the other way about it," said Aimee.

"If we were only rich!" said Mollie.

"But it is a most glaringly patent fact that we are not," returned Dolly, concisely. "There is one thing certain, however—it must be white."

"A simple white muslin," suggested Toinette, struggling in the coal box in her memoriat Tod; "a simple white muslin, with an equally simple wild flower in your hair, a la Amanda Fitzallan. How the Dowager Bilberry would like that."

"And a wide blue sash," suggested Mollie. "And the sleeves tied up with bows. And tucks, Dolly. Girls, just think of Dolly making great eyes at an eligible Philistine in white muslin and a sash and tucks!"

She was a hardened sinner, this Dolly, her only redeeming point being that she was honest enough about her iniquities—so honest that they were really not such terrible iniquities after all, and were regarded as much better fun by the habitues of Vagabondia proper. She laughed just as heartily as the rest of them at Mollie's speech. She could no more resist the temptation of making great eyes at eligible Philistines than she could help making them at the entertaining but highly ineligible Bohemians, who continually frequented Phil's studio. The fact of the matter was that the fear of man was not before her eyes, and the queer, nondescript life she had led had invested her with a whimsical yet shrewd knowledge of human nature and a business-like habit of looking matters in the face, which made her something of a novelty, and when is not novelty irresistible? And as to the masculine Philistines—well, the audacity of Dolly's success in the very midst of the enemy's camp had been the cause of much stately demoralization of Philistine battalions.

At her quietest she created small sensations and attracted attention; but in her wicked moods, when she was in a state of mind sufficiently questionable to prompt her to revenge the insolence shown her by some stately acts of lofty patronage she met with, the dowagers stood in some secret awe of her propensities, and not without reason. Woe betide the burning matron who measured swords with her at such times Great would be her confusion and dire her fall before the skirmish was over, and nothing was more certain than that she would retire from the field a wiser if not a better woman. After being triumphantly routed with great slaughter on two or three occasions, the enemy had discovered this, and decided mentally that it was more discreet to let little Miss Crewe alone, considering that, though it was humiliating to be routed, even by one of their own forces, it was infinitely more so to be routed by an innocent-looking young person, whose position was questionable and who actually owed her vague shadow of respectability to her distant but august relative the Lady Augusta Decima Crewe Bilberry, wife of the Rev. Marmaduke Sholto Bilberry, and mother of the plenteous crop of young Bilberrys, to whom little Miss Crewe was music teacher and morning governess.

So it was that Mollie's joke about the tucks and white muslin gained additional point from the family recollection of past experiences.

"But," said Dolly, when the laugh had subsided, "it won't do to talk nonsense all day. Here's where we stand, you know. Coffee and conversation on Friday night on one side and nothing but my draggled, old green tarlatan on the other, and it's Tuesday now."

"And the family impecuniosity being a fact well established in the family mind," began Phil, with composure.

"But that's nonsense," interrupted Aimee.

"And, as Dolly says, nonsense won't do now. But the fact is," with a quaint sigh, "we always do talk nonsense."

But here a slight diversion was created. Mrs. Phil jumped up, with an exclamation of delight, and dropping Tod on to Mollie's lap, disappeared through the open door.

"I will be back in a minute," she called back to them, as she ran upstairs. "I have just thought of something."

"Girls," said Mollie, "it's her white merino."

And so it was. In a few minutes she reappeared with it—a heap of soft, white folds in her arms and a pair of so of the train dragging after her upon the carpet—the one presentable relic of a once inconsistently elaborate bridal trousseau, at present in a rather crumbled and rolled up condition, but still white and soft and thick and open to unlimited improvement.

"I had forgotten all about it," she said triumphantly. "I have never needed it at all, and I knew I never should when I bought it, but it looked so nice when I saw it that I couldn't help buying it. I once laid my hand upon it into things for Tod, but it seems to me, Dolly, it's what you want exactly, and Tod can trust to Providence—things always come somehow."

It was quite characteristic of the peculiarities of the counsel that there should be more rejoicing over this one stray sheep of good luck than there would have been over nine ninety and nine in the ordinary folds of more prosperous people And Mrs. Phil rejoiced as heartily as the rest. It was her turn now and she was as ready to sacrifice her white merino on the shrine of the household fetich of impecuniosity as she would be to borrow Dolly's best bonnet or Mollie's shoes, or Aimee's gloves, when occasion demanded such a course. So the merino was laid upon the table and the counsel rose to examine and comment and suggest.

"A train," said Dolly, concisely, "no trimming, and aware of the fact that the Bilberrys couldn't complain of that, I'm sure."

Mollie, resting her smooth white elbows on the table in a comfortable fashion, meanwhile, regarded the garment with a great longing in her lovely, drowsy, brown eyes.

"I wish it was white satin," she observed, somewhat musingly, aloud, "and I was going to wear it at a real ball, with real lace, you know, and a court train, and flowers, and a fan."

Dolly looked down at the old, handsome, childish face good-naturedly. She was such an incongruous mixture of beauty and utter simplicity, this large, fair, easy-going baby of sixteen, that Dolly could not have helped liking her heartily under any circumstances, even supposing there had been no tie of relationship between them.

"I wish it was white satin, and you were going to wear it," she said. "White satin is just the sort of thing for you, Mollie. Never mind; wait until the figurative ship comes in."

"And in the interval," suggested Aimee, "put a stitch or so in that wrapper of yours. It has been torn for a week now, and Tod invariably tumbles over it half a dozen times every morning before breakfast."

Mollie cast her eyes over her shoulder to give it an indifferent glance as it rested on the faded carpet behind her, a disreputable enough trail of frayed-out material.

"I wish Lady Augusta would mend things before she sends them to us," she said, with sublime serenity, and then at the burst of laughter which greeted her words, she stopped short, staring at the highly-entertained circle with widely-opened, innocent eyes. "What are you laughing at?" she said. "I'm sure she might. She is always preaching about lifting the save something to another time, and I'm sure it would be far more charitable of her to spend her time in that way than in persistently going into poor houses where the people don't want her, and reading tracts to them that they don't want to hear."

Dolly's intense appreciation of the audacity of the idea reached a climax in an actual little shriek of delight.

"If I had five pounds, which I have not, and never shall have," she said, "I would freely give it just to see Lady Augusta hear you say that, my dear. Five pounds! I would give ten—twenty—fifty, if need be. It would be such an enormous joke."

But Mollie did not regard the matter in this light. To her unsophisticated mind Lady Augusta represented nothing more than people usually do in the shape of relations, who, usually made unexpectedly, when the house was at its worst, and nobody was especially tidy—calls invariably enlivened by sarcastic comments upon the evil propensities of poor relations in general, and the shocking lack of respectability in this branch of the order in particular. Worldly wisdom was not a family trait, Dolly's half-whimsical assumption of it being the only symptom of the existence of such a gift, and Mollie was the most sublimely thoughtless of the lot. Mrs. Phil had never been guilty of a discreet act in her life, Phil himself invariably considered less than he regarded anything else, and Aimee's childish staidness and forethought had certainly not an atom of wordliness in it. Accordingly, Dolly was left to think for them, and now and then, it must be admitted, the result of her brisk affrays did her no small credit.

For a very short space of time the merino was being disposed of to an advantage; Dolly seating herself in her shabby padded chair again to renovate the skirt; Aimee unpicking the bodice, and Mollie looking on with occasional comments.

"Here is Griffith," she said, at last, glancing over her shoulder at a figure passing the window, and the next minute the door was opened without ceremony, and Jack made his appearance upon the scene.

Being called upon to describe Griffith Donne, one would hardly feel inclined to describe him as being imposing in personal appearance. He was a thin under-sized young man, rather out at elbows and shabby of attire, and with a decided air of Bohemia about him, but his youthful face was a singularly pleasing and innocent one, and his long-lashed, brown-black eyes were more than good-looking—they were absolutely beautiful in a soft, careless, pathetic way—beautiful as the eyes of the loveliest of women.

He came into the room as if he was used to coming into it in an everyday fashion, and Dolly looking up, gave him a smile and a nod.

"Ah, you are all here, are you?" he said. "What is on the tapis now? What is all this white stuff for?" and he drew a chair up close by Dolly's side, and lifted the merino in his hand.

"For Friday night," answered Aimee. "Bilberry's again, Griffith. Coffee and conversation this time."

Griffith looked at Dolly inquiringly, but Dolly only laughed and shrugged her plump shoulders wickedly.

"Look here," he said, with a disapproving air, "it ain't true, is it, Dolly? You are not going to make a burnt-offering of yourself on the Bilberry shrine again, are you?"

But Dolly only laughed the more as she took the merino from him.

"If you want a breadth of merino to hold, take another one," she said. "I want that. And as to being a burnt-offering on the shrine of Bilberry, my dear Griffith, you must know it is polite," and immediately she fell to her unpicking again, while Griffith, bending over in an attitude more remarkable for ease than grace, looked on at her with little concealed interest.

It would, perhaps, be as well to pause here to account for this young man's evident freedom in the family circle. It was very plain that he was accustomed to coming and going when he pleased, and it was easily to be adduced from this manner that to him Dolly was the chief attraction in the establishment. And so it was. The fact was he was engaged to Dolly, and had been engaged to her for years; and in all probability, unless his prospects altered their aspect, would be engaged to her for years to come. In past ages two both were absurdly young, and ought to have been at school, the two had met—an impressionable, good-natured, well-disposed couple of children, who fell in love with each other unreasoningly and honestly, giving no thought to the future. They were too young to be married, of course, and indeed had not troubled themselves about anything so matter of fact; they had fallen in love, and enjoyed it, and, strange to say, had been enjoying it ever since, and falling in love more deeply every day of their affectionate, inconsequent, free-and-easy lives. What did it matter to them that neither owned a solitary sixpence for which they had not a thousand uses? What did it matter to Dolly that Griffith's literary career had been so unremunerative that a new suit is as an event, and an extra shilling an era? What did it matter to Griffith that Dolly's dresses were more retrimmed and retrimmed refurbished, until their reappearance with the various seasons was the opening of a High Carnival of jokes? Love is not a matter of bread and butter in Vagabondia. Love is love. Love is left to Bohemia as well as to barren respectability, and, as Griffith frequently observed with no slight enthusiasm, "When love" comes to figure, where's the feminine Philistine whose silks and satins and purple and fine raiment fit like Dolly's do? So it went on and the two adored each other with mutual simplicity, and having their little quarrels, always made them up again with much affectionate remorse, and scorning the idea of advice of outsiders, believed in each other and the better day which was to come, when one or the other good worldly goods secured a fortunate suit in marriage in which they were to be happy in their own way—which, I may add, was a way simple and tender, unselfish and faithful enough.

It was quite evident, however, that Griffith was not in the best of spirits this morning. He was not as amusing as Dolly usually was, and outward influences tended rather to depress him occasionally. But he never was so low-spirited that Dolly could not cheer him, consequently he always came to her with his troubles, and to her credit, be it said, she never failed to understand and deal with them tenderly, commonplace though they were. So she understood his mood very well to-day. Something had gone wrong at "the office." (The office was the editorial room that swallowed him up, and held him in bondage from morning until night, appropriating his labor for a very small pecuniary compensation, too, it may be added.) "Old Flynn," as the principal was respectfully designated, had been creating one of his periodical disturbances or he had been snubbed, which, by the way, was not a rare event, and to poor Griffith slights were stings and patronage poison. He could not laugh at the enemy and scorn discomfiture as Dolly could, and the consequence of an encounter with the Philistines on his part was usually a desperate fit of low spirits, which made him wretched, bitter and gloomy by turns.

This morning it appeared that his spirits had reached their lowest ebb, and before many minutes had passed he was pouring forth his tribulations with much frankness and simplicity. The facts were that Mr. Griffith Donne's principal trial was the existence of an elderly maiden aunt, who did not approve of him, and was in the habit of expressing her disapproval in lengthy epistolary correspondence, invariably tending to severe denunciation of his mode of life, and also invariably terminating with the announcement that unless he "desisted"—(from what, or in what manner, not specified)—she should consider it her bounden duty to disinherit him forthwith. Most of these periodical epistles having arrived before he had breakfasted, had rather destroyed Griffith's customary equanimity, and various events of the morning had not improved his frame of mind, consequently he came to Dolly for comfort.

"And she's coming to London, too," he concluded, after favoring the assemblage with extracts from the letter. "And, of course, she will expect me to do the dutiful Confound her honey! I wish she would build an asylum for irate, elderly spinsters with it, and retire into it for the remainder of her natural life. I don't want it, and," with praiseworthy ingenuousness, "I shouldn't get it if I did!"

"But," said Dolly, when they found themselves alone for a few minutes, "it would be an uncomfortable sort of thing to have, Griffith, upon the whole, wouldn't it?"

They were standing close together by the fire, Griffith with his arm thrown round the girl's waist, and she with both her plump, flexible hands clasped on his shoulder and her bewitching chin resting on them, and her big, round, lovely eyes looking up into his. She was prone to affectionate, pretty, nestling attitudes and coaxing ways—with Griffith it may be understood—but other adorers were treated cavalierly enough.

"A nice sort of thing," echoed Griffith. "I should think it would. I should be a fool to have it for your sake. I don't care so much for myself, you know, Dolly, but I want the time to come when I can buy you such things as old Flynn's nieces wear. It wouldn't be a waste of good material on such a figure as yours. I have an idea of my own about a winter dress I intend you to have—a dark blue velvet, and a hat with a white plume in and one of those muff affairs made of long white silky fur—"

"Angora," said Dolly, her artless enjoyment of the idea shining in her eyes. "Angora, Griffith."

"I don't know what it's called," answered Griffith, "but it is exactly your style, and I have thought about it a dozen times. Ah, if we were only rich!"

Dolly looked joyously, clasping her hands a little closer over his shoulder. Their conversations upon prospects generally ended in some such pleasantly erratic remarks. They never were tired of supposing that they were rich; and really in default of being rich, it must be admitted that there is some consolation in being in a frame of mind which can derive happiness from day-dreams, and such innocent day-dreams.

"Just think of the house we would have," she said, "and the fun we could all have together, if you and I were rich, and—and married, Griffith. It would be so much happy if we were married, and not rich, but if we were rich, and married—goodness, Griffith!" and she opened her eyes wide and laughed enjoyably at the idea, that Griffith, being entirely overcome by reason of the strength of his feelings upon the subject, caught her in both arms and embraced her heartily, and consequently left an extremely but charmingly crushed and dishevelled condition, after he had kissed her about half a dozen times.

It did not appear, upon the whole, that she objected to the proceeding. She took it quite naturally and unaffectedly, as if she was used to it, and considered it as a part of the programme. Indeed, it was quite a refreshing sight to see her put both her wee little hands up to her disarranged hair and settle the crimps serenely.

"We should have the chances to find true people if we were rich, Dolly," said he, when she could take care of Aimee and Mollie, and help them to make grand marriages."

But that very instant Griffith's face fell somewhat.

"Dolly," he said, "have you never thought—not even thought that you would like to have made a grand marriage yourself?" And thought there was not the least of a reason for the change in his mood, it was glaringly evident that he was at once rendered absolutely prostrate with misery at the thought.

(To be Continued.)

Light in Darkness.

Do we think of the light and sunshine,
Of the blessings left us to-day?
When we sit and ponder darkly
And blindly o'er life's ill,
How should we dispel the shadows
Of still and deep despair,
And learn to endure the anguish
Which every heart must bear!

The clouds may rest on the present,
And sorrow on days that are gone,
But no sight is so utterly gloomy
That we may not look for the dawn;
And there is no human suffering
With so wholly dark a lot,
But the heart by turning the picture
May find some sunny spot.

For, as in the days of winter,
When the snow-drifts whiten the hill,
Some birds the cold will shutter
And warble to cheer us still;
So, if we would hark to the music,
We may hear with a starry wing
In the days of our darkest sorrow
Will sit in the heart and sing.

Matter of Fact.

Madame has sent over her maid to enquire after a friend who has been dangerously ill.

"Did you enquire after Mrs. —— last night, Jane?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How is she resting, Jane?"

"Very quietly, ma'am—she's dead."

Raising Chickens.

"Our chickens have all got the pip," said an Onion creek farmer to a neighbor as they met at the country grocery.

"Ours had it, but they haven't got it any more."

"How did you cure them?"

"Well, two Methodist preachers ate dinner with us, and now our chickens haven't got the pip any more."

In the Gloaming.

Chicago Lady (to husband)—My dear, did you think to order a ton of coal to-day?

Husband—Yes.

Chicago Lady—And my shoes?

Husband—Yes; and (peering out of the window) there is a truck backing up to the door now, but it's too dark too see whether it has the coal or the shoes—*Harper's Bazar.*

Not What He Wanted.

"Mabel," said the young man in deep, desperate tones, "I love you."

"Yes?"

"Tell me do you think that you could ever learn to love me?"

"I don't know. If you'd send Charley Devere around to give me lessons, I might. He's an awfully interesting young man."—*Ex.*

Modern Society.

Nellie (just home from Narragansett, to her bosom friend)—Oh, Fan! think how delightful it was. One evening I danced three dances with a Mr. Peters who is said to be the wickedest man at the Pier, and all the other girls were so mad."

SOLID COMFORT.

HOW TO GET IT.

As I'm sitting by the fireside
My thoughts do backward wander
'Tis not so very long ago
That time on which I ponder,
A year ago, how changed things were,
I had no fireside of my own
Was broken down and in despair,
Was sad and sick and alone.

Although so very short a time
I now can look around
On every comfort, all my own,
As other a home could be found,
A handsome stove and carpets rich
On parlor floor and stairs,
Splendid furniture, hanging lamps,
Extension table, easy chairs.

And on the hall tree over there
Clothing thick and warm I see,
A fur trimmed coat and a cap to match
And all belong to me.
In fact I have just all I want,
House furnished well right through
And if you want to get the same
I'll tell you what to do.

There's many to-day without a home,
Although this need not be,
You all can get one of your own
If you but do the same as we.
Walker, the Public Benefactor,
Helps you, one and all,
A home complete, and winter clothing
On Weekly Payments that are small.

Why go into furnished rooms when you can get all that is necessary to start house with for a very small outlay Money saved by taking advantage of our instalment plan. Get all you want at one time, and pay for it afterwards, by weekly or monthly payments. Home furnishings of every description and first-class ready-made clothing can be had in this way at ordinary cash prices.

WALKER'S

WEEKLY PAYMENT STORES

107½ and 109 Queen St. West.

Knox

THE FURRIER AND HATTER,

Queen Street West, a Few Doors West of Yonge

is now showing a full line of

Ladies' and Gents' Fur Goods, Fur Trimmings, &c.

Prices much below down-town houses. Quality just good.

Special parlor for Ladies.

AN IMMENSE ASSORTMENT OF

GENTS' FUR CAPS

A CALL SOLICITED.

CIRCULAR FREE

CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY AND SHORTHAND INSTITUTE

PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING TORONTO

The Geological Students' Class H. Brooks Secretary

Telephone No. 1555.

The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company

AND

THE MANUFACTURERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

Are two separate and distinct Companies with full Government Deposit.

The Authorized Capital and other Assets are respectively $2,000,000 and $1,000,000

PRESIDENT: RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, P. C., G. C. B.

VICE-PRESIDENTS: GEORGE GOODERHAM, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF TORONTO, WILLIAM BELL, ESQ., MANUFACTURER, GUELPH.

AUDITORS: H. J. HILL, SECRETARY OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION, TORONTO EDGAR A. WILLS, SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE, TORONTO, J. B. CARISLE, MANAGING DIRECTOR, TORONTO, ONT.

POLICIES ISSUED ON ALL THE APPROVED PLANS. LIFE POLICIES PURCHASED AND ANNUITIES GRANTED.

PIONEERS OF LIBREAL ACCIDENT POLICIES!

Issues Policies of all kinds at moderate rates. Policies covering Employers' Liability for Accidents to their workmen, under the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries' Act, 1886. Best and most liberal form of Workmen's Accident Policies. Premium payable by easy instalments, which means a long-felt want.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

Music.

The music at the Conversazione was very good this year, the Glee club especially singing well. It numbers some forty young men who apparently have all necessary enthusiasm, but whose voices are a trifle immature. This shows itself in a slight weakness in the tenors, and in a gruff, hoarse tone in the basses. All this considered the general clearness of tone and steadiness of discipline was alike creditable to the students and to Mr. Schuch, their director. They sang with admirable precision and variety of shading. Their singing of Stars of the Summer Night, without accompaniment, was their most artistic effort, and the most dash and go was exhibited in the Soldiers' Chorus from Faust.

*

The instrumentalists were exceptionally good. Mr. G. H. Fairclough played the accompaniments in excellent style, though perhaps a trifle nervous here and there. He also was one of a party of four—the others being the Misses Whitney, Sullivan and Broughall—who gave some really fine performances on two pianos. Miss Keyes, who is, I believe, one of the undergraduates of the college, played a De Beriot fantasia for the violin in a manner which showed that she had passed through the hands of a good master and also that she has a decidedly musical temperament. Mr. George McGuire's clarionet solo, though unfortunately placed rather late in the evening, was so good as to detain the audience in the room until its close. He has a fine round tone, excellent execution and intelligent phrasing.

*

The vocalists were headed by Mrs. Agnes Thomson. This lady's popularity among the students amounted to a furore, which was easily accounted for by her exquisite singing on this occasion. She was in fine voice, and gave a splendid rendering of the Valse Legere from Faust, and Arditi's Vocal Polka. In these she was accompanied by the orchestra, which was not by any means an ideal one. The ease with which she sang this brilliant music was much commented upon. As encore pieces she sang Comin' Thro' the Rye with delightful archness, and a most pathetic rendering of the Last Rose of Summer. Miss Maud Burdette of Belleville made her first appearance in Toronto and speedily won her way into the good graces of the audience. She has a beautiful contralto voice and a fine presence. Her voice is well trained, and she has great expressive power. She sang the Flower Song from Faust, and a little gem, The Winds that Waft my Sighs to Thee, receiving recalls for both.

*

Mr. Schuch sang The Friar and Come to My Heart. By this time most Toronto people will have become pretty well acquainted with this Friar, a little novelty would neither hurt Mr. Schuch nor the public. In the Malbrouck song Mr. W. Blake's pretty tenor voice showed to advantage, but he seemed to fear being overtaken by chorus and orchestra, so great was his hurry to get away from them. Messrs. Mercer and Brown, and an odette from the Glee club, completed the vocal programme. Miss Jessie Alexander contributed two readings with excellent effect. The march from Eli and a waltz were played by the orchestra, and completed a most attractive programme. In the entrance hall the Citizens' Band, under Mr. Bayley, played a selection which was very much admired.

*

On Tuesday evening I wended my way to the old relic known as St. Paul's hall, where I found a packed house awaiting the costume concert given by the Church of the Redeemer choir. The old place looked quite gay with a tastefully decorated stage, and the smiling faces of the North Toronto belles; but what a barn it is! You have to mount two winding staircases before you enter the hall, which is still redolent of the horses formerly stabled underneath by the Street Railway Company. However, the entertainment made up for much of these minor unpleasantnesses. Some forty and odd young ladies and gentlemen wore attractive and gay costumes, illustrative of former generations, when people wore very much more picturesque garments than those of to-day. They were assisted by an orchestra, which accompanied them in some prettily sung choruses, and they also rendered two unaccompanied part-songs with excellent effect.

*

Miss Howden was the chief attraction, and sang extremely well, although suffering from illness. Her singing of the Magnetic Waltz, accompanied by the orchestra, was a fine effort. Miss Langstaff gave a charming rendering of White's Marguerite. Miss Amy Green sang a song, The Vesper Hour, with invisible chorus accompaniment, which was one of the features of the evening. Messrs. Coleman, Thomson and Field were very happy in their selections and met with well-merited encores. A cornet solo by Mr. Herbert Clarke, excellently played, received a warm encore. One of the finest pieces of the evening was the quartette, The Sea Hath its Pearls, sung by Miss Langstaff, Miss Grundy, Mr. Coleman and Mr. Schuch. Miss Lester, the favorite reader, convulsed the audience with Money Musk. Altogether it was a most pleasing entertainment, well designed and well carried out, not a little of the success being due to the intelligent accompaniments played by Mr. G. H. Fairclough.

*

The musical circles of the city will soon have a valuable acquisition to their ranks in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. John Waldron, from England. Mr. Waldron comes to assume the leadership of the band of the Royal Grenadiers. He has been for thirteen years the bandmaster of the 1st Battalion Liverpool Regiment (late 8th, the King's), and Col. Eyre Williams writes of him in the most eulogistic terms as a clever musician and an educated gentleman. Col. Thomson, the commandant of the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, Hounslow, from which all bandmasters in the British army are now required to secure a certificate, also writes of Mr. Waldron in the highest terms, and congratulates Major Dawson and the officers of the Grenadiers on securing the services of such an excellent and accomplished musician. Mr. Waldron is not only a good violinist and an accomplished cornet player, but can play to some extent nearly every instrument in the band, this fact alone giving him an immense advantage as a bandmaster; and besides this he has the happy faculty of being able to take young musicians and train them very rapidly, so that in a short time they are found to have made astonishing progress. It is certainly an excellent testimonial to his worth to have Col. Eyre Williams, the commander of the regiment Mr. Waldron is just leaving, write that he values Mr. Waldron so highly as a bandmaster that he would like to keep him in his regiment for ever, but, of course, he cannot stand in the way of his advancement after he has secured a better appointment. Mrs. Waldron is also an accomplished pianist and a good violinist, and will be able to receive a few pupils after they have become settled in their new home.

METRONOME.

Fashion Gossip.

Some of the prettiest evening dresses of the day are being made of piece Valenciennes lace, the most easily imitated of all laces, and the one which leaves all others behind it in effect. The drapery is always made of Valenciennes insertion and ribbon in alternate stripes laid crossway, and so light and graceful a toilette is thus obtained as will, it is to be hoped, remain long in favor. Both ribbons and lace are to be bought to very great advantage in the sales now going on, to say nothing of the complete skirts prettily draped, and looking as if they had never been touched by hands.

Two very welcome changes in the way of sleeves have come out in Paris. One is a puffing of silk or satin scarcely two inches wide, extending the whole length of the arm from shoulder to wrist, and placed on the outside of the sleeve. Of course this puffing corresponds with the vest or panel, or any other trimming of the dress. Another innovation will be welcome to those who are in the habit of renovating their dresses, and find that nothing gives such an air of freshness as new sleeves. It is the fashion of making them of a different material from the rest of the costume, as, for instance, velvet sleeves in a silk or poplin, or silk sleeves in a velvet dress.

Braiding is so much worn that it is almost impossible to have too much of it. In straight rows and in patterns, or straight rows and scrolls and arabesques combined, it is the ornamentation of all others for thick dresses, jackets, and mantles. For thinner things and evening dresses, it is done in the form of applique, and lined with white silk, and a black dress thus adorned is very chic indeed.

Green seems to be the color of the day in one shade or another, and mostly the dark shades. Peacock-blue still holds its own, and Tintoretto red has come in to brighten the gloom of our dark dull winter days.

Some of the new black silk or moire dresses have panels formed of narrow flounces of black lace, brightened by rosettes of satin ribbon. This is very effective, and suggests an idea whereby the economical may utilise remnants and odds and ends.

Many gauze and crepe de Chine dresses for demi-toilette are made with round-waisted full bodices, and worn with waistbands of more or less elaborate patterns. They are very pretty in two shades, such as primrose and amber, or two tones of heliotrope; and, being high to the neck, with elbow sleeves and only a small opening en cœur, are much worn by American belles.

Art and Artists.

At a meeting held at Mr. O'Brien's studio, on Tuesday, February 14th, of the Art Fair committee, a description of the proposed tableaux vivants, illustrating the rise and progress of art in epochs, was given by Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, A.R.C.A., the author. The subject was very favorably received by those present, and promises to form a very attractive and instructive part of the programme. There were present the Hon. G. W. Allan, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Mr. Storm, Mr. Marten, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy.

*

A special meeting of the Toronto art league was held in their rooms on the evening of February 13th. A large collection of etchings, engravings, compositions of the members of the league and artistic bric-a-brac adorned the walls of the rooms for the occasion. There were present a full attendance of members, and also a large number of guests who had responded to the neat and artistic invitation cards sent them.

*

After a short address by Mr. W. D. Blatchly, the chairman of the league, Mr. S. M. Jones read an excellent paper on Stained Glass and Canadian Art, illustrated by a large collection of designs for and samples of stained glass. In closing, Mr. Jones made an appeal for the establishment of schools of applied and industrial art.

*

This paper was well received, and was followed by a discussion, participated in by a large number of members and guests. After a cordial vote of thanks had been given Mr. Jones, a pleasant half hour was spent in viewing the work of the members and conversing on matters more or less artistic. The league contemplate repeating these meetings at stated times, of which their friends will be duly apprised.

The Shadow of a Coming Event.

He—How do you do? I am ever so glad to see you. How are all your people?

She—Oh, the family are all well, thank you, all except Charlie.

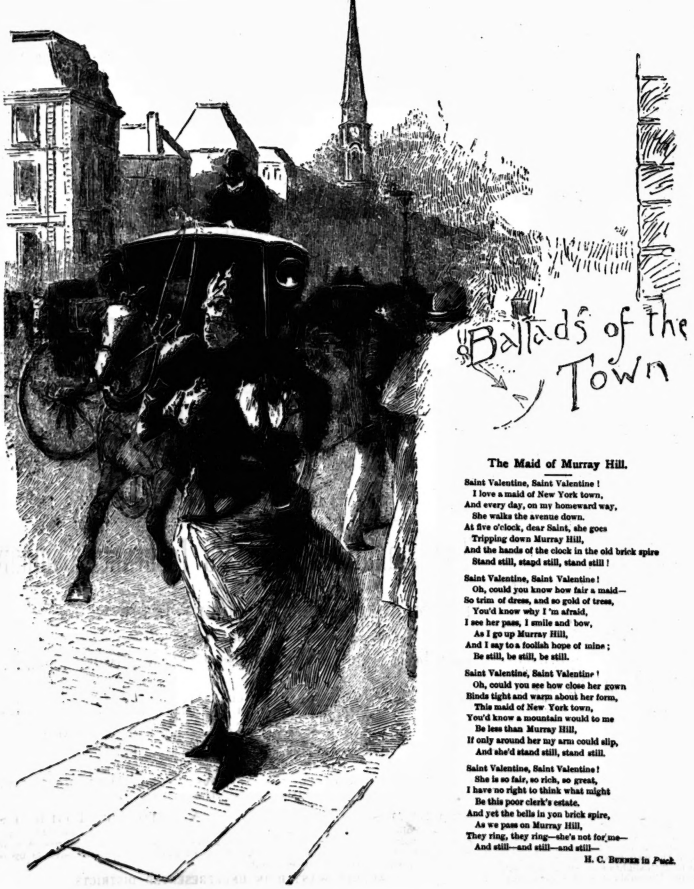
He—And Charlie? What about him?

She—Why! didn't you know? He's going to be married next month.

A Dangerous Year.

"Charley, didn't you leave Miss Smith rather suddenly the other evening?

"Well, yes. To tell you the truth, she was beginning to get tender, and I got frightened."



The Maid of Murray Hill.

Saint Valentine, Saint Valentine!
I love a maid of New York town,
And every day, on my homeward way,
She walks the avenue down.
At five o'clock, dear Saint, she goes
Tripping down Murray Hill,
And the hands of the clock in the old brick spire
Stand still, stand still, stand still!

Saint Valentine, Saint Valentine!
Oh, could you know how fair a maid—
So trim of dress, and so gold of tress,
You'd know why I'm afraid,
I see her pass, I smile and bow,
As I go up Murray Hill,
And I say to a foolish hope of mine;
Be still, be still, be still.

Saint Valentine, Saint Valentine!
Oh, could you see how close her gown
Binds tight and warm about her form,
This maid of New York town,
You'd know a mountain would to me
Be less than Murray Hill,
If only around her my arm could slip,
And she'd stand still, stand still.

Saint Valentine, Saint Valentine!
She is so fair, so rich, so great,
I have no right to think what might
Be this poor clerk's estate.
And yet the bells in yon brick spire,
As we pass on Murray Hill,
They ring, they ring—she's not for me—
And still—and still—and still—

H. C. BUNNER in *Puck*.

W. & D. DINEEN

FURRIERS,

OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FOR CASH:

Choice Sealskin Mantles, Ulsters,

WRAPS, CAPES, MUFFS, CAPS, &c.

ALSO A LOT OF FUR-LINED

CIRCULARS & SILK-TRIMMED WRAPS

And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.

Beaver & Otter Capes & Muffs

TO MATCH.

LONG BEARSKIN BOAS AND MUFFS.

Otter and Beaver Collars and Cuffs

AND

Beaver Trimming by the yard.

COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

DRESS SHIRTS

EVENING GLOVES

EVENING TIES

Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST

COR. JORDAN.

SATURDAY NIGHT

A messenger called on a Saturday night,
And this is the message he left:
I have comfort for you,
You'll believe 'tis true,
Of this comfort you'll not be bereft.

Of this comfort I speak off, the ladies will know,
And this is the message I leave:
Try "Magic" to-day
Without any delay
And its *virtues* you'll ne'er *disbelieve*.

For the lady who fills on this Saturday night,
The role of the heroine fair;
She will buy in a trice,
If she takes my advice
This magic to embellish her hair.

It promotes a strong growth, enriches as well,
Believe me, I'm speaking the truth;
Prevents falling out
Puts fading to rout
And restores the rich glow of your youth.

DR. DORENWEND'S

HAIR MAGIC

Is the most widely known remedy for falling hair. As an invigorator it is unequaled. To those who have become partially bald, the Magic will prove a boom. $1.00 per bottle or six bottles for $5.00.

A. DORENWEND

Sole Manufacturer,

103 AND 105 YONGE STREET.

S. J. DIXON,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Cor. Yonge and King Streets.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.

The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

University Conversazione.

I am sure the students and faculty of University College must feel highly gratified at the success of the annual conversazione on Friday evening. The young folks especially now look forward to this event with great interest, and so long as the present energetic management is maintained there will be no danger of a lack of interest or attendance. This year over a thousand young men and maidens fair, with a liberal sprinkling of older men and comely matrons, braved the biting cold and turned out to be received by the students. Many of the toilets worn by the ladies were charming, but as usual there were exceptions—some young ladies seeming determined to show just how odd they could make themselves appear. The feature of the evening was the two concerts in Convocation hall, and which Metronome has noticed fully in our musical column. But as the hall was not nearly large enough to hold the numbers who attended, the programme was divided into two concerts, and those who attended the first concert were requested to retire so that others might be present at the second. And this caused the only unpleasant feature of the evening, for those waiting to get in to the second concert blocked the door so that those inside had to absolutely force their way out, and not a few were quite severely crushed in squeezing out. Now, if the seating committee would not think me too presumptuous, I could suggest a plan which would do away with this crushing and conduce generally to the comfort of the guests at future concerts. At the conclusion of the first concert then, have say twenty students—the more stalwart ones would be better—form a line at each side of the door, extending down the hall a little way, and thus keep a clear, wide passageway for those coming out. In this way the hall would be emptied in one-half the time, and there would be no unseemly crushing as there was on this occasion. The various committees are certainly deserving of great praise for the generally successful manner in which everything that would serve to make everyone in the great gathering feel thoroughly at home was arranged.

For the week preceding the annual conversazione of the University College literary and scientific society, college circles were agog over a report that the students of The Residence intended giving a private dance to a select circle of their friends on the evening of the conversazione. Through the kindness of the Dean the dining-hall was placed at the disposal of the students and their guests, and about 200 persons took advantage of residence hospitality, under the kind patronage of Mesdames Mulock, Boultbee, Edgar and VanderSmissen.

Shortly after ten o'clock the guests began to arrive, and dancing was commenced to the music of the Italian harpers. The only hitch in the arrangements of the committee was that the floor was a trifle sticky, but otherwise a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent. Light refreshments were served throughout the evening in one of the rooms in the rear of the hall. At half-past one the last of the guests departed, leaving the students to congratulate themselves on the success with which their efforts had been attended.

Amongst the guests were the following: Mrs. D. Armour and Miss Armour, Messrs. W. and R. Spratt and Miss Spratt, Mr. Miss Baldwin, Miss Sullivan, the Misses Monk, Mr. Broberg, Mr. Burns, Mr. A. H. Sims, Miss Walker, Miss Kerr, Miss Robertson, Miss Ross, Mr. T. G. Elgie, Mr. E. J. Bristol, Miss Coldham, Miss Hutchison, Miss Forsyth, Mr. Strathy, Miss Strathy, Miss Ellis, Mr. Geo. and Mrs. Gouinlock and Miss Coleman, Messrs. J. T. and Sidney Small, Mr. Gordon Heward, Mr. and Miss Freeman of Simcoe and Miss Farley of St. Thomas, Mr. C. J. Marani, Messrs G. and C. Downes, the Misses Downes and Miss Wye, Mr. J. Lyon, Messrs. A. G. and W. W. Thompson and Miss Thompson, Mr. D. T. Symons, Miss Rogers, Miss Prince, Mr. and Miss Silverthorne, Mr. J. Burns and Miss Burns, Miss Carruthers, Miss Maud Carruthers and Miss Ferguson, Mr. S. F. and Miss Houston, Mr. G. A. H. Fraser, Mr. E. Bayly and the Misses Bayly, Miss Walsh, Messrs G. and W. E. Burritt, the Misses Burritt, Miss Bunting, the Misses Langtry, Mr. W. P. and Miss Thomson, Mrs. and Miss Livingston, Dr. Nesbitt, Mr. and Miss Fuller, Miss Pocock, Messrs. G. and L. Boyd, Miss Smith, Mr. J. J. Hughes, Miss Brown, Miss B. Brown, Miss Oxnart, Miss Misner, Miss Grier, Mr. J. G. Mackay, Mr. A. A. Macdonald, Mr. Frank Moss, Miss Mabel Skae, Miss Ridley, Miss Emerson, the Misses Massey, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Towner, Miss Towner, Dr. and Mrs. Wishart, Mr. and Miss Mickle, Miss A. Ross, Messrs. Langley and Mackenzie, Miss Cook, Mr. Mustard, Capt. and Miss Hughes, Mr. A. Smith, Mr. and Miss Ryan, the Misses Fraser, Mr. J. W. Morrice, the Misses Dallas, Mr. G. M. Mitchell, Mr. Percy Scholfield, Mr. H. MacMillan, Miss Montgomery, Miss Marsh, Miss Proudfoot, Mr. Eakins, Mr. Wallbridge, Mr. W. J. Flewry, Mr. G. Powell, Mr. E. L. Cox, Mr. A. H. and Miss O'Brien, Dr. Elliot.

St. Joseph's Convent.

Monday afternoon the pupils of St. Joseph's academy, St. Albans street, gave a musical and literary entertainment in honor of the golden jubilee of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. The large Commencement hall was tastefully decorated with banneretes and appropriate mottoes. Over the stage a large portrait of Leo XIII. was hung, and on either side the numbers 1837—1887; while above the portrait, in large golden letters, appeared the words "Lumen in Cœlo."

The programme was well rendered, and the young ladies who took part in it deserve every praise. The choruses and the quartet should receive a particular mention. The instrumental music, consisting of piano and harp solos with several concerted duos played on six pianos and three harps, was worthy of more pretentious players, and showed careful training on the part of the teachers and conscientious practice on the part of the pupils. "Metronome" would have enjoyed the treat. His spirit at all events was there, since the time was faultless and what more would "Metronome?"

A pleasant feature in the evening's entertainment was a fairy dance, given by about forty very young ladies indeed, who, alighting on the stage in a cloud of muslin, tinsel and ribbons, wandered here and there, in and out, about and around in mazy circles, keeping excellent time, never making any mistake in the various figures they described, and feeling that they merited the hearty applause, which rewarded their efforts. Among those present were His Grace the Archbishop, Very Rev. C. Vincent, V. G., the Reverend Fathers Finan, McCann, Chalandard, Hand, Du Face, La Marche and many others.

Trinity College Notes.

Mr. N. F. Davidson, '83, is to be congratulated on his success in the recent law examinations. I noticed his name as first on the list of newly-fledged solicitors, and sixth among the barristers.

Many congratulatory letters have been received by the editors of the *Trinity University Review* on their paper's re-christening. The next number will be published in a few days.

The Literary Institute have elected Messrs. E. C. Cayley, B. A., and H. P. Lowe as representatives of Trinity in the coming intercollegiate debate with McMaster college on March 2. The subject determined on is: "Resolved, that the 14th Century marks an era of greater progress than the 19th." Trinity has, perhaps unwisely, elected to take the affirmative. Messrs. Arthur and Maxfield (McMaster) will uphold the negative. It is uncertain who will preside, probably Prof. Goldwin Smith, Christopher Robinson, Esq., Q. C., or Rev. D. J. Macdonnell. A most interesting evening may be expected.

The divinity men have at last reached the summit of their ambition—an elocution teacher has been appointed. Arts men are also allowed the privilege of attending these lectures, and right well do they, in point of numbers, attend. This, perhaps, may be accounted for from the fact that the lecturer belongs to the fair sex. Miss Harvey seems eminently qualified for giving instruction in a subject which is, I understand, only one of her several *fortes*. She is gifted with a rich contralto voice which has been highly cultured. Her presence and bearing both betoken confidence in herself, and they impress her audience. Both day and night are now made hideous by the frantic efforts of enthusiastic students to conquer the various "vocal gymnastics," the importance of which Miss Harvey impresses upon all her pupils.

The Glee club has again been crowned with the victor's laurels. On Valentine's night the members contributed three numbers at a concert given in St. Stephen's schoolroom.

The Glee club expects to devote considerable time to sacred music during the present Lenten season. A choral service or too, in the college chapel would be most seasonable and acceptable. It is hoped that the authorities will interest themselves *re* the promotion and facilities for the latter.

After Prof. Nash's lecture on Friday, Mrs. John Strachan and the Misses Strachan received at their pretty little Deneside residence. Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Prof. Boys, the Misses Boulton, Prof. Hutton, Rev. J. K. Powell, W. W. Jones, Prof. Roper, Mrs. Ince, the Misses Lightbourn, Mrs. Symonds, Miss Campbell, the Misses Dupont, several Trinity men and a considerable number of other friends spent a pleasant half-hour.

OMEGA.

Regimental Ball.

The annual regimental ball of the 12th Battalion, York Rangers, was held on Friday evening, February 10th, at the Queen's Hotel, Aurora. It was a most enjoyable affair, and there was a deal of truth in the remark of one of the guests to me, when he said: "Do you know this is one of the most pleasant evenings I have spent in a long time. Everyone seems to be enjoying themselves, and there is an entire absence of that stiffness and frigid formality which makes some people so uncomfortable at certain balls I have attended." Good music was provided, that in every respect it was one of the most successful balls of the season; and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the following officers, who comprised the committee: Col. Wayling, Major Lloyd, Captains Thompson, Ashworth, Furnival and Gower, Lieuts. Wayling, Allan and Leslie, Surgeon Hillary and Asst.-Surgeon W. H. Bently.

Among those present were the following: Col. Gray, Brigade Major; Col. O'Brien, 35th Batt.; Col. and Mrs. Tyrwhitt, Col., Mrs. and Miss Wayling, Mrs. R. M. Anderson, Sutton West; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Allen, Newmarket; Mr. and Mrs. Austen, Toronto; Mr. J. Austen, Toronto; Miss Archer, Capt. and Miss Ashworth, Toronto; Lieut. J. A. Allen, 12th Batt., Newmarket; Mr. and Miss Barry, Bradford; Mr. W. Brunton, Newmarket; Miss A. Bain, Toronto; Mr. S. W. Burns, Toronto; Miss Bowden, Newmarket; Capt. Bennett, Q. O. R.; Capt. Brooke, R. L.; Asst. Surgeon Bently, 12th Batt.; Mrs. J. B. Clougher, Toronto; Miss Cole, Toronto; Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Doan, Sharon; Mr. Downes, Newmarket; Mr. W. Deck, Toronto; Mr. W. H. Doan, Sharon; Mr. J. Doan, Newmarket; Mr. F. Douglass, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Evans, Newmarket; Mr. A. K. Evans, Toronto; Mr. H. W. Fleury, Aurora; Miss N. Forsyth, Aurora; Miss M. Goffatt, Orillia; Mr. F. Grundy, Toronto; Miss C. Grundy, Toronto; Mr. Glenny, Aurora; Mrs. Greenwood, Newmarket; Capt. Gower, 12th Batt., Newmarket; Mr. H. S. Hill, Sutton West; Mrs. G. R. Hogaboom, Newmarket; Miss Hartman, Mr. H. B. Hawson, Mr. J. E. Hughes, Aurora; Mr. T. Hancock, Toronto; Miss Hancock, Toronto; Surgeon, Mrs. and the Misses Hillary, Aurora; Lieut. R. M. Hillary, Aurora; Mr. C. H. Irving, Newmarket; Lieut. Johnson, Q. O. R., Toronto; Lieut. Lee, Q. O. R., Toronto; Capt. Leadley, 35th Batt., Barrie; Major and Mrs. Lloyds, Newmarket; Lieut. Leslie, 12th Batt., Toronto; Mr. J. McBride, Toronto; W. Mulock, M.P.; Miss Macleod, Aurora; Mr. and Mrs. M. Macleod, Toronto; Mr. C. McNab, Orillia; Capt. and Mrs. McSpadden, Toronto; Capt. Mutton, Q. O. R., Toronto; Lieut. Macleod, Q. O. R., Toronto; Mr. G. McSpadden, Toronto; Mrs. Meyer, Newmarket; Capt. McCarty, 12th Batt., Newmarket; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nelson, Aurora; Mr. A. G. Nicoll, Aurora; Lieut. Penchin, Q. O. R., Toronto; Miss Pattison, Fergus; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Ross, Newmarket; Miss Roe, Newmarket; Mr. and Miss Ratcliff, Newmarket; Mr. A. T. Ramsay, Newmarket; Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Robinson, Aurora; Mr. and Miss Risch, Parkdale; Miss Robinson, Aurora; Dr. F. Sibbald, Sutton West; Mrs. M. Sibbald, Sutton; Mr. W. C. Sutherland, Newmarket; Mr. W. S. Sutherland, Newmarket; Mr. A. C. Steele, Aurora; Miss M. Stevenson, Barrie; Captain Symons, 12th Batt., Toronto; Mr. Townley, Newmarket; Mrs. W. H. Thorne, Holland Landing; Capt. and Mrs. J. T. Thompson, Parkdale; Miss Vernon, Newmarket; Lieut. J. E. Verral, 12th Batt., Toronto; Mr. and Miss Willis, Aurora; Miss Wood, Toronto; Mr. J. Whimpenny, Aurora; Mr. A. E. Williamson, Lieut. Wayling, 12th Batt., Sharon; the Misses Wells, Aurora; Mr. R. B. Young, Aurora, and others.

Club and Personal.

Miss Jennie Stovin created a very favorable impression as an elocutionist at the Y. M. C. A. reception last Tuesday.

Josef Hofmann, the wonderful boy pianist, is likely to come to Toronto if the subscription for seats is large enough. It is open now at Nordheimer's.

Miss M. McCaffrey and Miss A. Walkinshaw of Buffalo, N.Y., are visiting Mrs. C. Brownlee of 178½ Parliament street. They intend returning home in three weeks.

The appointment of consul-general for Liberia in Canada has been conferred upon Mr. J. Enoch Thompson of Toronto, *vice* Hon. C. Elliott Anderson, K. C. K., of Ottawa, resigned.

Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson gave an At Home at her residence, 28 Wilton crescent, on Thursday afternoon, which was largely attended. Music was furnished by Napolitano's orchestra.

Miss Emily Benson returned yesterday to Port Hope. So many refugees from Toronto have assembled in that fortunate place that Lent will bring them joy and not sorrow.

Miss Brehaut, who began what society hopes will be a long visit to Toronto, with Mrs. Victor Armstrong, is now staying with Mrs. Hamilton Merritt on St. George street. So do the fair divide their favors.

Another deserter from this disconsolate city is Miss Minnie Morris. Toronto knows her no more, and Guelph without doubt rejoices in her return. If it is the advent of Lent that has driven away such charming visitors, would Lent had deferred its coming for a year!

The Knights of Pythias conversazione and ball on March 7, in Victoria hall, promises to be a brilliant affair. Vocal and instrumental music will form the first part, while dancing and card-playing will fill the second. The lodge room, handsomely fitted up, will be thrown open for card-players. Plenty of refreshments will be forthcoming.

The ladies of the Ontario Depository for ladies work, are hard at work with preparations for their grand promenade concert at Association hall, on Tuesday next, February 21, to which we drew attention last week. In addition to many other attractions we learn that Mrs. Mackelcan is to take part in the musical programme.

Mr. Rowe of London, England, is the guest of Mr. Sidney Small on Murray street. Mr. Rowe is no stranger in Toronto, his duties on his ranche in Texas allow him to come eastwards in the winter, and in former visits he has made many friends here. Mr. Rowe has a brother with a sweet tenor voice, who sometimes comes with him, but who on this occasion has had to stay to look after his many cattle and his numerous cowboys in the West.

The Merrymakers, consisting of Messrs. F. J. Morphy, W. S. Sherman, Barrett and Polson, gave a pleasant drive on Tuesday, 14th February, which was pronounced by all to be a decided success. Mrs. C. A. B. Brown and Mrs. E. Malone chaperoned the company, which assembled at the residence of Mrs. R. Morphy, 19 Wellesley street. Among those who received invitations were Miss Morphy, Miss Jane Rolph, the Misses Henderson, Messrs. E. W. and F. W. Cox, Miss Kennedy, Miss Jacobi, Miss H. Brown, Miss E. Kennedy, Mr. C. Brown, Mr. J. King, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Cameron, Mr. W. Black and Mr. C. Townsend.

Mrs. C. Brownlee of 178½ Parliament street celebrated the anniversary of her birthday on Tuesday evening, February 14. A large number of city friends were present, also others from Port Hope and Buffalo, N. Y. Nothing was left undone by the hostess to make all present enjoy themselves. An excellent supper was served shortly after midnight, after which dancing was resumed and kept up until 4 a. m. The large drawing-room floors being covered with canvas made an excellent dancing surface. The music under the directorship of Mr. McNab, Queen street, was everything that could be desired. The hostess was the recipient of numerous and valuable presents.

On Tuesday evening last the members of the Tycoon club and their friends held a surprise leap year party at the residence of Mrs. W. J. Watson, on Parliament street. The party, which numbered about thirty-five, met at the residence of Mr. J. Carroll, and proceeded in a body to the place of object. The sweet music discoursed by the Napolitano orchestra was much enjoyed by all. The party broke up about 2:30 a.m., after having spent a most pleasant evening. A vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Watson for the use of her large parlors. A much larger party is on the tapis, when it is hoped that it may be as enjoyable as this one was. Invitations are being sent out now.

The Liederkranz ball masque on Monday night was, as usual, a most successful affair. The club rooms on Toronto street were filled with a numerous company of maskers and dominoes, with a sprinkling of guests of both sexes in evening costume. Among the fancy costumes were warriors in mailed armor, coy German maidens in bewitching fancy dresses, with representative French, Scotch and German types in great variety. Excellent music was provided for the dancing, and Criterion Hughes presided over the refreshment tables. President Brown and his committee are to be congratulated on the success of the entertainment. We regret that pressure on our space prevents us giving a list of the guests present.

The Parkdale At Home on St. Valentine's eve was an acknowledged success. No wallflowers, first-class music and a splendid dancing floor—everything tended to make a most enjoyable evening. There was no crowding, a limited number of tickets having been issued, so as to prevent a crush. The following were present: Mr. G. and Miss Adams, Mr. Frank and the Misses Bain, Mr. and Mrs. J. Blizard, Mr. C. Brown, Miss Bridgman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Tower Boyd, the Misses Beasley, Miss Beck, Mr. W. H. P. Clement, Mrs. Craigie, Mr. W. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. J. Chambers, Dr. and the Misses Chaffe, Dr. and Mrs. Cotton, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Carter, Mr. R. C. Davison, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Dignum, Mr. R. and Miss Donald, Mr. W. M. Douglas, Mrs. and Miss Evans, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Gray, Mr. A. Gianelli, Mr. J. G. Gibson, Mr. F. Gray, Mr. W. M. Hall, Mr. Hope, Mr. J. E. Hall, Mr. B. B. Hughes, Mr. Geo. J. Little, Mr. Lawda, Mr. Jas. and the Misses Martin, Mr. H. J. Maughan, Mr. F. and Miss Muigay, Dr. Mundie, Mr. A. and Miss Murray, Mr. H. and Miss Miller, Mr. S. McDonell, Mr. and Miss McArthur, Miss Noble, the Misses Pringle, Miss Pyke, the Misses Persse, Dr. and Mrs. Rowe, Miss Reid, the Misses Riddell, Miss Frances Stowe, Mr. A. W. Seagram, Mr. C. E. and the Misses Turner, Mr. J. J. and Miss Threlkeld, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. E. and Miss Thorne, Mr. S. Thompson, Messrs. Joseph M. and Frank Thompson, Miss Thompson, Miss Veasey, Mr. Charles Waggoner, Messrs S. and J. and Miss Watson. The costumes of the ladies were all so elegant that it would be almost favoritism to say who looked the best, for all looked lovely. Many desires were expressed that this should not be the last At Home given by the Parkdale committee.

Crowded Out.

After this page had been made up with the splendid picture "A Sunday in the Exhibition," occupying most of the space, the crush of society and interesting news, which came in late, was so great that it had to be taken out to make room for reading matter. It is too late to remove the description of the picture on the sixth page, but we promise to present the engraving to our readers next week. This issue being already profusely illustrated, our readers will kindly pardon this omission.

British America Assurance Co.

The fifty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Company was held in the Company's Office, Front street, on Wednesday, the 15th inst., the Governor, Mr. John Morison, occupying the chair.

The Secretary, Mr. G. E. Robins, read the following

REPORT.

The Directors have the honor to submit their Annual Statement, showing the company's assets and liabilities, and the result of the business for the year ending 31st December.

It is to be regretted that, owing to so many exceptionally large fires in the principal cities of Canada and the United States, the fire business of the company has not been as profitable as desired.

The Ocean Marine business also shows a loss, and, as it always has been a precarious one, your Directors have decided to abandon that branch.

The Directors hope for more gratifying results during the ensuing year, as the business of the company was never in a more satisfactory condition.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. MORISON, Governor.

G. E. ROBINS, Secretary.

Toronto, 15 February, 1888.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITES

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1887.

Assets.

United States Bonds		$413,175 00
Bank and other Dividend paying Investments		465,352 37
Municipal and Other Debentures		90,000 00
Mortgage on Real Estate		450 00
Cash in Office		5 66
Cash in Bank		49,972 26
Bills Receivable		8,072 26
Office Furniture, Business Maps, etc.		17,845 00
Agents' Balances		73,804 15
Interest Due and Accrued		7,560 93
		$1,126,239 01
Liabilities.		
Capital Stock		$500,000 00
Losses under Adjustment (Fire)		76,330 81
Cash in " (Marine)		11,818 87
Dividend No. 87 (Balance)		3,122 12
" No. 88		17,500 00
Balance		517,467 21
		$1,126,239 01
Profit and Loss.		
Fire Losses, paid	$463,222 86	
" unsettled	76,330 81	
		$539,553 67
Marine Losses, paid	90,075 46	
" unsettled	11,818 87	
		101,894 35
Commissions and all other charges		238,330 24
Government and Local Taxes		20,924 66
Rent Account (including taxes)		4,767 07
Depreciation in Investments		15,829 59
		$921,310 06
Fire Premiums	$925,162 90	
Less Reinsurance	71,546 68	
		$753,517 22
Marine Premiums	97,951 87	
Less Reinsurance	5,060 37	
		92,852 30
Interest		38,221 56
Rent Account		5,669 78
Balance		31,049 52
		$921,310 06
Surplus Fund.		
Dividend No. 87		$ 17,500 00
" No. 88		17,500 00
Profit and Loss		31,049 52
Balance		517,467 21
Balance from last statement		$583,546 73
		$583,546 73
Reinsurance Liability.		
Balance at credit of Surplus Fund		$517,467 21
Reserve to reinsure outstanding risks		376,681 46
Net surplus over all liabilities		$140,815 75

TO THE GOVERNOR AND DIRECTORS OF THE BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY, TORONTO:

GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned, having examined the securities and vouchers, and audited the books of the British America Assurance Company, Toronto, certify that we have found them correct, and that the annexed balance sheet is a statement of the Company's affairs to 31st December, 1887.

R. R. CATHRON, HENRY M. PELLATT, } Auditors.

In presenting the report Governor Morison said:

It is not a pleasant duty for a president of a company to present the annual statement showing a loss on the business for the year, and the only consolation to be had under the circumstances is that we are in good company, for you will notice by the statements already published a great many of the oldest and best managed companies in the United States are in the same position, and I have no doubt the depressed state of business, and the extreme dryness of the season, had something to do with such a result. But the companies have the remedy in their own hands, and that is to charge a higher rate and begin first with those places where they have suffered the most.

You will also see that the Ocean business has been unprofitable, and considering the limited amount of business which was done from the few Canadian ports and taking into consideration the bad practices which prevail in the mode of payment, having to take notes one year after date for insuring wooden hulls, we believed we had either to extend our business largely in other countries or give it up, and I think you will endorse our action and say we adopted the wisest course, for we don't give a button for a large business with all its cares and troubles unless it is on a solid foundation.

At the end of each year our investments are all revised and the market price arrived at, and you will observe they have depreciated to the extent of $15,550.50, and some of you gentlemen may think that we ought to have valued the Company's building and increased the amount on the same basis, which would be a very reasonable argument, for it cost $112,790 ten years ago, and was reduced in about six years to $90,000, and has remained at that figure ever since. But your Directors thought differently, and their reason for doing so was great difference of opinion existing upon the value of real estate, and it is not an easy task to arrive at the actual value of such a large building, and he believed the shareholders did not care what value was charged in our statement, for they were as competent to form their own opinion of its value as we had done. Now, gentlemen, I have nothing more to add; your business is now being done direct from your own office with special agents paid by salary to watch your interests all over the United States and Canada, and although the year has given a greater loss ratio than formerly, still with a steady and consistent policy we must achieve success. I now beg to move the adoption of the report.

Moved by the Governor, second by J. Y. Reid, that the Report now read be adopted and printed for distribution among the Shareholders. Carried.

The following is the Scrutineers' Report.

We, the undersigned Scrutineers, appointed at the Annual Meeting of the British America Assurance Company, on the 15th day of February, 1888, declare the following gentlemen unanimously elected Directors: Messrs John Morison, John Leys, Hon. Wm. Cayley, J. Y. Reid, A. Myers, G. M. Kinghorn, George H. Smith, Thomas Long and Dr. H. Robertson.

W. J. MACDONELL, HENRY PELLATT, } Scrutineers.

The meeting then adjourned.

At a meeting of the Board, Mr. John Morison was re-elected Governor, and Mr. John Leys re-elected Deputy-Governor.

Toronto Humane Society.

The Toronto Humane Society acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following amounts towards its objects:—S. G. Wood, $1; G. S. Kirkpatrick, $1; Miss Mills, $1; Kate M. Sproule, $5; H. A. Massey, $1; C. D. Massey, $1; W. E. H. Massey $1; Charles Cockshutt, $2; W. H. Knowlton, $1; Anonymous, $1; Mrs. John Harvie, $1; H. P. Dwight, $1; F. E. Galbraith, $2; Miss Mulock, $1; A. C——, $1; Miss B. Collie, $1; C. C. McGlashan, $1; W. C. Crowther, $1; W. Macd. nald, $2; Maggie Orr, $2; Hy. Hutchison, $2; Dr. J. E. Elliot, $1; H. W. Aikens, $1; J. Kerr, $1; W. M. Clark, $5; Keith & Fitzsimmons, $1; Mr. and Mrs. S. Softley, $2; A. French, $1; J. J. Gartshore, $2; W. H. Blendell & Co., $1; A. Edg, $1; G. L. Beardmore, $1; Miss E. A. Gwynne, $500. Subscriptions sent to the treasurer, John I. Davidson, 36 Yonge street, will be acknowledged.

Temperance Talk.

Mr. Doutney, the reformed wine seller, is drawing large houses nightly at the Temperance hall, Temperance street. Besides being a good speaker, Mr. Doutney tells an excellent story, bringing the point out very clearly, and he is also an excellent mimic, a gift which proves of great assistance to him, and which enables him to render his addresses much more entertaining than the usual run of temperance addresses. He is the John B. Gough of the modern platform. He is assisted by his wife, who is an accomplished musician and possesses a voice of exceeding sweetness and power. They appear Sunday afternoon and evening, and every evening next week except Saturday.

Pictorial Entertainment.

A pictorial representation of Picturesque Canada, will be given in the College street Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening, February 21st, in which ex-Alderman Moore will contrast the gems of English, Irish and Scottish scenery with such Canadian scenes as cannot fail to make the patriotic pulse of every true heart throb with proud satisfaction at having adopted as their home the fairest land on earth—Canada.

College street Presbyterian people indeed deserve a great deal of encouragement in thus giving north-west residents opportunity of enjoying healthy and delightful intellectual treats.

Magnificent Engravings.

The "Home Fair," by Rosa Bonheur; "Evangeline," by Douglass; "Lydia," "Listening to the Fairies" and "Nightingale," by Bodenhausen; "Hunter's Greeting," by Lubens; "Marah Land," etc. Photographs of these of different sizes, unmounted or mounted and 59,000 others can be had by written application to the Photo Photograph Co., 127 Wellington street, Toronto.

Out of Town.

CHATHAM.

A most pleasant At Home took place at the residence of Mrs. Sinclair on Saturday afternoon, about one hundred and twenty guests being present. The music, which came from London, added much to this charming event, dancing by no means being slack. Mrs. Sinclair, who made a splendid hostess, did her best for the enjoyment of her guests, among whom I noticed Miss Eliot of London, Mrs. and Miss Roe of Hamilton staying at the house, and Miss Atkinson, Miss Atkinson, Jr., and Mrs. C. R. Atkinson, jr., Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Miss Lyons, Miss Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Tims, Miss Ireland, Miss Dowling, Miss McKeown, Miss Brown, Mrs. Craddock, Miss Adams, Miss Waller, also Messrs. Heald, Anderson, Pennefather, Cameron, Hutchinson, Marsland, Ireland, Bell and Rowley.

Mrs. Heald's dance at Kew Lodge took place on Tuesday, February 14th, as mentioned in our last news, the same being a perfect success. Indeed I heard a lady say that no pleasanter party has been enjoyed throughout our winter season. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Dallas, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Atkinson, Miss Atkinson, Miss Ireland, Miss Beatty, Miss Adams, Miss Roe, Miss Waller, Miss Mercer, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Craddock, Mrs. Powell and Mr. H. J. Pennefather, Mr. H. H. Anderson, Mr. F. Hutchinson, Mr. E. Bell, Mr. Cameron, Mr. C. B. Marsland, Mr. B. Garrett, Mr. E. Sandys, Mr. C. G. Bullen and Mr. McPherson of Blenheim.

The party at the Bungalow, Mrs. Moore's

JACOBS & SHAW'S

Toronto Opera House

ONE WEEK

Commencing Monday, Feb. 20

MATINEES

Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

ENGAGEMENT EXTRAORDINARY! THE POPULAR FAVORITE

—:JOSEPH J. DOWLING:—

Supported by MISS NELLIE PAGE and a Company of Unusual Excellence, in Edwin A. Locke's Greatest Success,

NEVER = SAY = DIE

An Octette of Male Voices, A Chorus of Madrigal Boys. The Great Song and Dance. The Beautiful Policeman Drill

NO ADVANCE IN PRICES

10c. Admission 20c.

RESERVED SEATS EXTRA

On Sale at Box Office

THE WONDERFUL WATER SCENE

30,000 Gallons of Water, representing a River, real Boats moving upon real water, and a lady rescued from a watery grave in a heroic manner. Human beings struggling in the water. The latest New York sensation

residence, took place on Wednesday, Feb. 8, and in all probability will be the last large party of the season. It was a great success, and thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Some of our belles looked prettier on this occasion than ever, and among them I particularly noticed Miss Beatty, Miss Douglas, Miss Ireland, Miss Lyons, Miss Maude Rose, Miss Moore and Miss Edith Moore. Besides those mentioned were present Miss Stephenson, Miss Mercer, Miss Adams, Miss Stone, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Craddock, Miss McKeough, and Messrs. Cameron, Belle, Pennefather, Hutchinson, Ireland, Rowely, Robertson, Garrett, Marsland, Ball, Stone. NEMO.

WHITBY.

The Bachelors and Benedicts of Whitby gave a ball on Tuesday, February 7, which was a great success in every particular. Guests were present from Oshawa, Bowmanville, Newcastle, Port Perry and Toronto. Judge Dartnell, W. Beith, G. A. Ross, D. C. Downey, G. D. Vankoughnet and G. E. Gross were the stewards, with F. W. Billings as honorary secretary. As this ball was so successful it is proposed to have another one after Lent is over.

KINGSTON.

Miss Nellie Creighton has issued about thirty invitations for a small dance on Wednesday evening, February 22, in honor of Miss Jessie McMillian, who is spending a few weeks with her.

Miss Mabel Henderson, one of Kingston's belles, is spending the winter in New York; also, Miss Maud Gildersleve, who is a general favorite.

On Tuesday, February 14, Mrs. George Kirkpatrick asked about sixty people to a drive as far as Cape Vincent, where they stopped at the hotel, had supper and danced.

Kingston has been very dull this winter, perhaps owing to so many of the Kingston ladies being out of town and so many being ill.

Miss Gertrude Morton, one of Kingston's greatest favorites, has been laid up nearly all winter. This young lady is considered one of Kingston's belles. She is very fair, tall, and has a most charming manner; in fact, Miss Morton is loved by all who know her.

Miss Helen Kirkpatrick and Miss Kent are spending a few weeks in Toronto. J. K. C.

BARRIE.

The Barrie young men's glee club entertainment in the town hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 7, was a decided success. The choruses by the boys and Miss Lemons' solos were well received and were rendered in good style.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sanford gave a very successful party on Wednesday evening of last week. The party was in honor of Miss Russell of Millbrook. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs B. R. Nicholson, Miss Kortright, Miss Schrieber, Miss Bouchier, Miss Miller, Miss Holmes, Miss Boys, Miss Spry, Miss Sanford, Miss Cotter, Miss Reiner, Miss Baker, Mr. J. L. Porter, Mr. F. D. Lauder, Mr. R. C. Gillett, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. Borlon, Mr. F. Crease, Mr. F. Baker, Mr. G. L. Burton, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. W. D. B. Spry, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Esten, Mr. T. R. Boys, Mr. F. Hornsby, Mr. E. G. Bird. The party broke up about two o'clock.

The Barrie philharmonic society's concert on Monday evening, Feb. 13, was the concert of the season. The town hall was crowded to the doors and scarcely standing room could be had by 8.30 p.m. The singing was excellent. Mrs. Nicholson sang a very sweet solo in excellent style, as did Mrs. MacKidd.

Miss King also sang a solo. Messrs. Lauder, Edwards and Rogers were the principal gentlemen soloists. Mr. Lauder sang The Yeoman's Wedding Song, with orchestral accompaniment, in an excellent manner, and was encored. The chorus consisted of seventy-five voices, and the orchestra of twenty-five pieces. A pleasant feature was the presentation of a badge to the conductor, Mr. J. C. Morgan, by his Honor Judge Boys, president of the society, on behalf of the members. The concert was a decided success.

A full report of Capt. and Mrs. Andros' party, and of Mr. and Mrs. John Dickenson's card party, will be given next week. MULTUM.

THOS. N. DOUTNEY

Ex-Liquor Dealer and Reformed Inebriate

Lively Times! Great success!

Temperance Hall, Temperance Street

Near Yonge.

Scores signing the pledge! Spicy talks! Delineations of bar-room characters, with dialect peculiar to each. Come and hear Doutney talk and Mrs. Doutney sing.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 3

Sunday night at 8. All other nights, except Saturday, at 7.45. Voluntary contributions week-day nights. Silver collection on Sundays.

MADAME BOUDOIR

(Late of New York)

Has fitted up a handsome parlor above Walton's Ladies Hair Dressing Rooms, 103 Yonge Street, up stairs, and will permanently

REMOVE ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

from the face by a new method without pain. No capilaries used. Satisfaction guaranteed. References from leading physicians. Note the address—

103 Yonge Street, Up Stairs

CYCLORAMA

Front and York Streets, Toronto.

NOT A MOVING PANORAMA BUT AN ACTUAL

BATTLE FIELD

Open every work day from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ADMISSION 50c., CHILDREN 25c.

Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30

ADMISSION 25c.

BATTLE OF SEDAN

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

O. B. SHEPPARD, Manager

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20—ONE WEEK

THE J. C. DUFF

COMIC OPERA COMPANY

IN THE Reigning London Success, the Latest Comic Opera

DOROTHY

FROM THE Prince of Wales Theater, London, England

A Company of Eighty! Grand Chorus and Orchestra. Incidental Ballet

ELABORATE SCENERY. UNRIVALLED COSTUMES

Only Matinee Saturday at 2

PICTURESQUE CANADA

ILLUSTRATED BY

100 Lime Light Views of the Gems of Canadian Scenery

ON

Tuesday, February 21st, '88

IN

COLLEGE ST. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

College and Bathurst Streets

BY

EX-ALDERMAN MOORE

The illustrations of Canadian scenery are perfect gems of art, which have won great admiration for their beauty, brilliancy and fidelity.

Proceeds in Aid of Seaton Village Mission

TICKETS 25c. CHILDREN 15c.

COMMENCING AT 8 P.M., SHARP.

TORONTO CHORAL SOCIETY

NINTH SEASON

FIRST CONCERT

THURSDAY EVENING FEB'Y 23

PAVILION MUSIC HALL

Sir Michael Costa's Grand Oratorio

"ELI"

will be rendered, assisted by a large Orchestra and the following artists: Madame D'Auria, Toronto, soprano; Miss Lillian C. Smith, Boston, contralto; D. M. Babcock, Boston, base; E. H. Ricketson, Boston, tenor; H. H. Blight, Toronto, baritone.

Plan now open at Nordheimer's. Reserved seat tickets, $1.25. General admission, $1. Upper gallery, 50 cents.

EDWARD FISHER, Conductor. A. E. MINKLER, Hon. Sec'y.

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When Breadmaker's Yeast is the subject before us—
Mamma tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best, (lightest,
'Cause her bread is the whitest, her buns are the
And we eat all the pancakes she dare set before us.

BUY THE BREADMAKER'S YEAST. PRICE 5 CENTS.

DANCING

Those wishing to be taught properly and quickly will register at

Prof. Thomas' Academy, 77 Peter Street

Finest class-room and floor in Toronto. Reception, Ladies' and Gentlemen's dressing rooms in connection.

New classes are continually forming. For particulars apply to PROF. THOMAS, *Principal*.

NOTE—New and original dances will be introduced. 15y

GREAT SALE

OF

OVERCOATS

Now going on at

OAK HALL

Every Overcoat to be sold at

NET WHOLESALE PRICES AND UNDER

Until the whole are completely cleared out. Those in need of a Winter Overcoat should certainly see our stock before they buy.

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

TORONTO.

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Incorporated 1886. Capital, $50,000.00

HON. G. W. ALLAN, *President*.

OVER 50 Teachers. Vocal Art, Piano, Organ, Violin and all other Orchestral and Band Instruments. Sight-Singing, Theory and Elocution. French, Italian, Spanish and German. Students (either beginners or advanced) can enter at *any date* during term and will only be charged proportionately. Tuition: $5 and upwards per term of 20 lessons. Both class and private instruction. Prizes, Certificates and Diplomas. Free Advantages: Elementary Theory, lectures, Concerts, etc. Board and room provided. 192-pp. page Calendar, address

EDWARD FISHER, Director, TORONTO.

B. SPAIN

Temple of Fashion

455 QUEEN ST. WEST

has the largest stock of

WINTER OVERCOATING and SUITING

in the Dominion. Call and see him before ordering your winter garments.

455 QUEEN STREET W.

NOTICE OF PARTNERSHIP

JOHN KAY

begs to announce having taken into partnership JOHN BRYCE KAY and COLIN FRASER GORDON, dating from the 1st inst.

The business will be carried on in the same premises, 34 King Street West, under the style of

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

who trust that by strict attention to business, procuring the newest and best goods manufactured, and buying on the best terms that cash can command, they will be enabled to offer their customers such values as will insure a steady increase in the volume of business that has been done these last eight years.

TORONTO, February 11th, 1888.

The above illustration of the St. Charles Restaurant shows the Sample Rooms and Lunch Counter. Upstairs are the best furnished, most beautifully decorated and exclusive Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining Rooms in the city.

AVOID THE CONUTERFEIT! PURSUE THE GENUINE!

If there was nothing genuine there would be nothing to counterfeit.

And if pure goods can be had anywhere, that's the place to go, but be sure the place has a good name before you enter it or you may be pursuaded to invest, much to your own disadvantage.

If you intend entertaining your friends do it well or they will not consider your friendship worth anything. If you do not know what would be nice—or what would be the proper thing to do—you can get valuable aid by asking for information at Harry Webb's 447 Yonge street it will not cost you anything, or, if you prefer it, you can leave it all to him, and you will find it as safe in his hands as in your own. Send for estimates, or send your orders to

HARRY WEBB, 447 YONGE STREET